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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909.

The Week.

The first glimmering ray of hope that has for many days broken upon a tariff-ridden public shone out in President Taft's brief but meaning reference to the tariff in his speech to the Yale alumni. If Aldrich is insensible to the ground-swell of general irritation, Mr. Taft is not. The Chief Executive realizes that the only political responsibility we have evolved in this country is that of the dominant party to the electorate, as construed in the platform pledges. Relegation to the rôle of the minority in opposition is the menace which confronts the cynical violation of political vows. Mr. Taft, it is evident, realizes that the country will hold the Republican party to a strict accountability in this matter. The resentment is not less, but greater, in that the Democrats have shamelessly failed in their obligations to fight the "Dingleyizing" of the House bill. This will eventually make powerfully for a split in the Republican ranks, and not impossibly for new party alignments altogether, unless the President can bring to bear on his party his own sober counsels of decency and honor.

It appears now that the tax on corporation incomes was not devised simply to help the chairman of the Finance Committee out of a hole, but was drafted by the Attorney-General shortly after his appointment. When the House leaders chose to substitute an inheritance tax, the President apparently decided to lie low and wait for his chance. This came in the determination of a Senate majority to graft an income tax upon the tariff bill. Aldrich protested, and when he fled for help to the President, Mr. Taft smilingly produced the corporation tax. Vowing he "would ne'er consent"—or never for more than two years' duration of such a measure—Mr. Aldrich finally "consented." He had even the humiliation of having to swallow his proposed time-limitation, though he files his personal caveat at this feature of the measure. Meantime, Mr. Taft's pointed reference to tariff reduction at New Haven seems to have produced consternation at Washington. Members of Congress regard it as an "ultimatum." They have anxiously rushed to inquire if he really said it, and if it has any political significance. The Washington dispatches report that the query "amused Mr. Taft greatly." There has been a rush of blood to the heads of Congressmen since they were answered genially by the President "to use their own intelligence on that subject."

The list of Independence Day casualties will probably need revision for some time to come. Fuller information may raise the number of the injured. The usual proportion of injuries will go to swell the number of the dead. It remains certain, nevertheless, that the last holiday marked a notable advance towards a sane, if not a quiet, Fourth. This year the country was vouchsafed two days' opportunity for self-destruction instead of one; the sharp decrease in fatalities indicates growing recognition of the truth that people need not sacrifice life in celebrating liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Washington and Cleveland report a noiseless holiday; in Chicago the ban was laid on the giant firecracker and the toy cannon. Many towns restricted the sale of holiday explosives to a few days before Independence Day. Unless the powder manufacturers and the doctors get together and have Aldrich rig up some sort of protection for their threatened interests, it really seems as if future holidays will demonstrate the complete compatibility of freedom and common sense.

In line with the recent declaration of the Merchant Marine League, in favor of free ships, is an article in the July *Atlantic*, "Wanted: An American Merchant Marine." Strangely enough, it is written by a British naval officer. He identifies himself no further than by saying that he is "second officer on a Liverpool liner." In common with the seafaring folk of all countries, he is amazed at the supineness of Americans in letting other nations do practically all their ocean-carrying for them. A chief reason for our marine backwardness he finds in the "insane law" which "makes it impossible for a ship whose keel was not laid down in America to fly the stars and stripes." Ah, but we ought to fear the foreigner even when he is bearing us the gift of good advice! How do we know that this British officer is not a secret agent of English shipbuilders, who want to get orders from the United States? In any case, he shows a deplorable ignorance of our noble policy of protection, when he suggests that we could build ships as cheaply as anybody else, if only our iron and steel manufacturers would sell for as low prices at home as they do abroad. That proves clearly that this benighted Englishman has not the faintest conception of the blessings of a high tariff which favors the foreigner at the expense of the native.

That an indictment should have been found, after all, against the Sugar Trust and its chief officers, suggests a contrast between the present Administration at Washington and a certain preceding Administration. In former days we grew accustomed to the loud threat against corporate iniquity, followed by the discovery that something or other had happened to make the wicked corporation immune. To-day, we have the refreshing spectacle of a government prosecution seemingly foundered on the old rock of the statute of limitations, but escaping the danger very cleverly and going right ahead. Counsel for the Sugar Trust have not been as successful as they thought they were in persuading the government's representatives that the Trust could not be prosecuted. The Department of Justice has found acts of criminality in connection with the Segal case that run back less than the magic three years which wipe out all things. It is a novelty to see Justice displaying something of the resourcefulness which we have hitherto associated entirely with its opponents.

The white firemen on the Georgia Railroad are quite ready to agree that, properly manipulated, arbitration is a very beautiful thing. If arbitration decides in your favor, why, there you are. But if judgment goes against you, then,

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as members of a dominant race, you can draft a bill prohibiting negroes from working as railway firemen, and lay that bill before a Legislature which will think twice before it refuses to dance to the tune of the Dominant Race. The most elementary sense of what is just and permissible under the Constitution must be outraged by the latest shameless attempt to apply the educational test clause to the keeping down of the negro in the dirt where, according to Dominant Morality, he belongs. Are we soon to see the day when a man shall not be allowed to stoke an engine or turn a brake-wheel unless his grandfather was a freeman before 1867?

In his recent address to the Yale alumni, President Hadley discriminated between different fields of scientific research. He aptly characterized a certain kind of research as about the poorest business a man could engage in, and still retain the acknowledged status of a gentleman and scholar. Even the discovery of some things unknown before is not, of itself, sufficient to create any obligations on the part of the learned world to the discoverer. There are said, for example, to be known something like a million distinct varieties of living animals. A distinguished zoölogist has given it as his guess that there are probably still uncatalogued an additional million, mostly microscopic, however, and *not* confined to the continent of Africa. Merely to discover a single additional species would serve, of course, as the basis for the "ordinary Ph.D. of commerce." But beyond that it would be of little worth. The serviceable investigator must possess at the outset, or acquire, an instinct for such knowledge as is worth while.

A Detroit clergyman, the Rev. Reed Stuart, has just resigned, after a pastorate of twenty-three years, because, as he explains, he does not feel "equal to the work of the institutional church." Without any bitterness, but in the most matter-of-fact way, he defines that sort of church as the one which "believes in free scup, in boys' clubs, and basketball, and in cadets carrying guns in the name of Christ." Those things, he admits, may be necessary in the modern church, but he intends from now on to leave the management of them to others. His early ideal had been that of a preacher, a spiritual leader; but he had found more and more of his time and strength taken up with the infinite variety of organizations within the church. We fancy that many a weary minister would find all this waking a response in his own heart. The institutional church does, no doubt, a world of good; but some of its activities are confessedly only a sort of pious bribe to induce people to occupy pews, and it certainly tends to belittle the prophetic function of the clergyman. What is really needed is a division of labor, by which those who have a talent for "serving tables," in the Scriptural phrase, may wreak themselves on the machinery of the boys' brigades, while those who feel a message burning in their souls may be left free to shape and deliver it.

The assassination in London of Lieut.-Col. Wyllie by a Hindu student is bound to produce a more painful impression in England than it could make in any other part of the world. England has so long been the home of public security that acts of violence take on a meaning often out of proportion to their importance. Englishmen have not known what revolt is for over two hundred years. They must go back to the Peterloo massacre—an event which even among us would be described as a riot—for an example of serious public disorder. When a couple of Russian anarchists went mad and ran amuck in Tottenham a few months ago, the country was driven to discuss the expediency of excluding foreign political refugees of a "dangerous" type. Hence such a cold-blooded act as this political murder cannot help creating a condition of public excitement which may in the end bring harm both to Great Britain and to the Hindus. Lord Morley may have to face a loud outcry for summary action in India. It will be his duty to judge just how much significance must be ascribed to the wanton act of the Hindu student and terrorist. India, as a whole, has accepted the political concessions recently granted her. It would be unfortunate if the work of conciliation should be hampered by the action of a fanatic or a lunatic.

If Professor Dicey and the editor of the London *Spectator* were among the onlookers in Parliament Square at the latest suffragette riot, we may be sure they kept well in the background. It was not only feminine brickbats, but their own words also, that they were afraid of having thrown into their faces. Professor Dicey, in a book he has just published against woman's rights, joins in the belief, "entertained by nearly every man, that women . . . are often lacking in the virtues, such as active courage, firmness of judgment, self-control, steadiness of conduct, and, above all, a certain sense of justice maintained even in the heat of party conflict." In approving this, the *Spectator* goes a step further:

> The basis of all government . . . is force. . . . Women also have less tenacity. This is a simple demonstrable fact. We wish to lay particular stress upon it, because in our own mind, it has a present application of conclusive urgency. Europe is entering upon a struggle for naval supremacy which . . . may mean a physical contest in which *the less resolute combatant* will surely be the loser.

Amid the din of charging suffragette cavalry, crashing window glass, and nightsticks thumping on feminine backs, constitutionalist and journalist heard a strange answer to their arguments.

Sydney Smith once defined benevolence as the feeling which A experienced when he thought that B ought to do something to relieve C's necessities. This vicarious excellence seems to-day to prevail in international public finance. The corporation tax works excellently in France, but, it is argued, is ill-suited to the United States. Mr. Lloyd-George finds that land taxes are admirable fiscal devices in the United States and Australia, but the Opposition is impressed with the totally different situation in Great Britain. The German Chancellor admires the patriotism with which the death duties and the legacy taxes are borne in England, but the Prussian Junker resents the importation of such a noxious fiscal project into the Fatherland. No expectant contributor sees the tax-halter draw "with good opinion of the law." If this mode of argument continues, the "shifting of taxation" will soon bear a different meaning. Like the criminal who asked as a dying favor that he might choose the tree on which to be hanged, the prospective tax-payer returns at night with the weary sheriff and confesses with tears that he cannot find a suitable tree.

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The contrast between the latest utterances of the Kaiser and Lord Charles Beresford is significant. It is also very much in the Kaiser's favor. To use a nautical phrase, it quite takes the wind out of the sea-dog's sails. Lord Charles is not a panic-monger, and yet he insists on the necessity of expending between $275,000,000 and $300,000,000 on the navy, "in order to put the Empire in a state of safety by March, 1914." In the interim, what is to prevent Albion's foes from driving her from the seas? Lord Charles, it should seem, has as yet failed to substantiate the charges he launched against the Admiralty administration of Sir John Fisher. But with a Herculean reserve, he refrained from reference to the charges that are still *sub judice*. There might almost be a suspicion that the gallant tar is a veritable Hobson come to judgment, were it not for his reference to German industrial progress. The Kaiser in pacific fashion agrees with the doughty son of Neptune. In his recent interview with the head of the French Parliamentary Arbitration group, the Kaiser spoke deprecatingly of the current hysteria in England, and remarked that the British nervousness would disappear when Great Britain realized that by progress in industry she might regain her lost economic ground.

German method inheres even in German madness. So venturesome an undertaking as Zeppelin's proposed flight to the North Pole is to be gone at with an elaborate precaution which may be enough to turn madness into success. Before the final dash for the Pole, the region between the starting point and the goal is to be carefully explored for its geography and its meteorology. When Zeppelin sails at last it will be on no uncharted atmospheric seas. Were accident eliminated and the problem reduced to a mere question of distance to be traversed, Peary might yet see himself anticipated by the Germans. But, unfortunately, accident still thickly strews the paths of the aeronaut. True, that most dreaded peril to balloon and aeroplane, the tree, is beneficently absent from the Polar regions, and except for a possible impalement on the Pole itself, collision can occur only with an obstinate ice-hummock here or there. But that other dread foe, the wind, blusters sadly in these northern regions, and in case of storm everybody outside of England knows that there are no German regiments at the Pole to hold the airship down in safety.

M. Cruppi, Minister of Commerce, outlined on Monday, in his speech to the Deputies, the government's attitude toward the pending tariff revision in France. His speech was a singular blend of studied moderation in practice and of intellectual detachment as regards theory. A customs policy, he declared, is "not an essential factor in the economic development of nations." Free trade in Great Britain and protection in Germany are proof. But M. Cruppi would not disturb the *status quo*, and believes in the efficacy of an elastic tariff as a weapon in bargaining for markets. The "reasonable protection" which France has established, he deems compatible with an extension of foreign trade by reciprocity treaties. But he deprecates the loud talk of tariff reprisals. With an export trade of a billion dollars he believes in soft words for the foreign customer. He undoubtedly impressed his auditors by citing the alarm evidenced by French chambers of commerce at the drastic way the Parliamentary commission on tariff revision is setting about its task. Especially delicate were M. Cruppi's allusions to Great Britain and the United States. It was the kind of counting-house prudence which appeals to the thrifty *bourgeoisie*. It shows a shrewd realization of the fact that French exports are largely of a luxurious or quasi-luxurious character. Silks, porcelain, wines, objects of art and of voluntary consumption, not necessities, are the wares that France excels in. It is the part of wisdom not to talk of drastic reprisals when the world at a pinch can do without many of these creations.

The most regrettable aspect, perhaps, of France's latest "affair," the navy scandal, is that the reactionary element will fashion a weapon for itself out of the exposure of frightful maladministration under the present régime. The Republican *bloc* which came into power under Waldeck-Rousseau was naturally concerned, first of all, with saving the country itself from threatened wreck over the Dreyfus affair. It was inevitable that reasons of political strategy should have outweighed every other consideration. Yet once the crisis had been weathered, the *bloc*, like every other government, should have concerned itself with governing. Now, the anti-Republican parties are in a position to show that what most Frenchmen consider the chief duty of their rulers, the maintenance of an adequate system of national defence, has been wofully neglected. When Gen. André, some ten years ago, set about ridding the army of anti-Republican intrigue, the result was, according to the opponents of the *bloc*, that the army was brought down to a state of disorganization which was first revealed in 1905, when France had to accept Germany's dictation concerning Morocco. Now come revelations which, if true, would argue that the French fleet is about as well prepared to meet an enemy as was the late Admiral Rozhestvensky.

The Young Turk leaders have evidently decided that the most pressing need of the moment is to ward off a second reactionary upheaval. They must show themselves as zealous for the maintenance of Ottoman supremacy in the Empire as they have hitherto been for constitutional progress. The attitude of the government in the matter of Crete is an instance in point. Had it consented to the occupation of that island by Greece, the government might have had another counter-revolution on its hands. In forcing the Powers to consent to a virtual continuance of the Cretan occupation, the Hilmi Ministry has closed, for a time at least, the mouths of the reactionaries. Parliament, meanwhile, has been working along the same lines. In giving statutory form to the various provisions of the Constitution of 1876, it has repeatedly laid stress on the connection between the Islamic religion and the Empire. Recently, the Chamber adopted an educational clause which provides that public instruction is free, but that "all schools are placed under the control of the government the necessary measures shall be taken to assure to every Ottoman subject a uniform system of education." In spite of the accompanying guarantee that "there shall be no interference with the religious education of the different communities," the Greeks and Bulgarians profess to discern in the proposal of a uniform educational system under government control a possible curtailment of their existing rights.

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NEARING THE TARIFF END.

Two reasons explain the speed—almost beyond the legal limit—with which the Senate is winding up its part of tariff-making. With the corporation tax adopted after less than a week's discussion, the Constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax passed without debate or even opposition, the special customs court voted in one day and the administrative features of the tariff agreed to at the same time, people might be excused for wondering what forces had suddenly overcome the Senatorial inertia. But there is always this kind of accelerated motion, when the Senate is dealing with large and controverted measures of legislation. The first paragraphs are debated with minute and apparently endless obstinacy. Time is wasted, and the endurance of mortal lungs and throats taxed to the uttermost. Despairing observers begin to think 'twill never be done. And then unexpectedly the whole discussion falls in a heap, and many of the sections which seemed to promise oratory world without end, are accepted without demur or delay. This is partly the result of sheer physical exhaustion. After three months of incessant use, the tongue even of a La Follette cleaves to the roof of his mouth. Moreover, the power of a disciplined majority has, by then, fully asserted itself. Opponents ask themselves wearily: "With mate in four moves inevitable, why insist upon making them all painstakingly?"

Another reason for the rapid crumbling of the Senate debate lies in the general conviction that the tariff is not really to be shaped by it. As Senators near the end, they are more and more impressed with the fact that their end is not the true end, that a great deal of insincerity and lack of finality has marked their procedure, and that the tariff law actually to be put in effect will be framed, as the English Parliamentary phrase is, "in another place." That place is the committee of conference between the two houses. The ten or twelve men who meet in secret are the real tariff-makers. What they report back will be put through *en bloc*, by the House of Representatives under special rule admitting of no amendment, and by the Senate under the irresistible pressure of party organization. So why need Senators haggle any longer over details which may issue from conference after having undergone a sea-change, altered into a shape which may or may not be rich, but which will certainly appear strange to those who begat them? Hence the growing desire in the Senate to get it over.

One would have said that the entirely new provision of the Senate bill, establishing a court with special and final jurisdiction in customs cases, would have furnished controversial matter enough to last the Senate a month. Yet it was dispatched in a single session. True, several vital amendments were adopted. Senator Rayner did good service in exposing some of the doubtfully constitutional, as well as manifestly unjust features of the plan, and secured their abandonment. The salaries of the new judges of the Customs Court were also cut down to the level of those of other Federal judges. With these changes made, and with the understanding that cases can be taken from the Customs Court by *certiorari* to the Supreme Court, when it can be alleged that flagrant injustice has been done, or property taken without due process of law, the chief objections of lawyers to the proposed court are removed. President Taft may be counted upon to appoint able and disinterested judges—even if this qualification rules out the men who have been toadying to Aldrich in the hope of judicial preferment.

The fact that every Senator present voted for the proposed amendment of the Constitution, authorizing the levy of an income tax, is not alone to be explained as a part of the bargain made by Aldrich and the President. Such unanimity is significant of a strong popular feeling in favor of a clear Constitutional warrant for that form of taxation. The House will undoubtedly agree with the Senate in this matter. It is said in Washington that those opposed to the tax are confident that the amendment will not be ratified by three-fourths of the States. They talk of eleven States—names not given—of which they say they are certain the Legislatures will reject the amendment. But such predictions are more easily made than fulfilled. The arguments for the amendment are not necessarily arguments for the tax. It may fairly be maintained that the power to lay an income tax ought to exist, even if it be unwise to use it at present. The opinion of the Supreme Court judges, as well as the utterances of Presidents and other public men, shows how serious a thing it might be for the nation, if in a great emergency, it found itself shorn of the right to place a direct tax on incomes. Add to this consideration the obvious spread of the conviction that the Federal government will be compelled in the future to resort to direct taxes more freely than at any time since the civil war, and the chances that the Constitutional amendment will be ratified by the necessary number of States, seem to us to be very good. We shall know within two years whether there is, after all, any truth in the assertion so often made that it has become impossible to amend the Constitution of the United States.

With the whole tariff question now nearing its final stages, the responsibility of President Taft for the ultimate form of this legislation grows acute. The country looks to him to exert all his influence and authority to induce the conference committees to agree upon a bill which he can honorably sign, and which the people will not regard as a betrayal and a mockery.

THE SCIENCE OF RACE-HATRED.

Two recent magazine articles on the negro invite consideration because of their individual significance and the contrast they offer. In the July *McClure's*, William Archer enters on a thorough search for a solution to the negro problem, after he has convinced himself that such a problem exists. Having enumerated the four possible ways in which the South can deal with the question—all of them calling for "almost superhuman wisdom, energy, and courage"—Mr. Archer finds it impossible to conceive that the negro can be exterminated, assimilated, or tolerated, and therefore pronounces in favor of segregation. A negro State within the Union might be built up, at first by the voluntary emigration, and after some twenty-five years by the forcible transportation, of all negroes under the age of forty-five. Into the details of a scheme which the writer admits is one of enormous difficulty, we need not enter here. The idea is not a new one. Whether either white men or black men in the South want such a State, whether such a State could be erected, and, if erected, whether it could long exist, are really questions of more than magazine scope.

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Booker T. Washington's opinion of the plan is well known. Given a separate negro State, it would take a very high wall to keep the negro inside, and three or four very high walls to keep the white man out.

But it is with the writer's moral justification of his scheme that we are concerned. Mr. Archer widens the question from the negro and the South to the world and its various races. He argues:

> "But," it may be said, "the rights and liberties of civilized humanity include the right to move freely hither and thither over the face of the earth. This right, at any rate, would be denied to the Afro-American, inclosed within the ring-fence of his own State." There is, I think, a sufficient answer to this objection. The right to travel would not be denied to the negro. Nor would he be debarred from emigrating and settling abroad among any community that was willing to receive him. It is, I think, becoming more and more clear that the right of every man, white, black, or yellow, to effect a permanent settlement outside his own country, is subject to this qualification. The idea that all the world ought to belong equally to all men, and that rational development tends toward an unrestricted intermingling of races, seems to be signally contradicted by the trend of events. Is it not the great essential for the ultimate world-peace that races should learn to keep themselves to themselves?

This is plain speaking. It immediately suggests the other article to which we have alluded, William English Walling's "Science and Human Brotherhood," in a late number of the *Independent*. Mr. Walling is without doubt an enthusiast. He is quite as strongly in favor of race admixture as Mr. Archer says the white South is against it. But, again, it is not with Mr. Walling's specific views that we have to do, but with the general issue he raises. Are we in the midst of a reaction away from those ideals of democracy and of human brotherhood to which the eighteenth century gave birth and from which the nineteenth century drew its nourishment? Our writer protests against what he describes as the growing Nietzscheanism of the times. Under modern names and backed by scientific instead of theological authority, the ideals of caste, of national exclusiveness, of the rule of force, are coming back to thrive among us. As for the Declaration of Independence, all scholars know nowadays that it embodies a vicious compound of Rousseauism and demagogy.

Such a view of the present march of civilization seems to us greatly exaggerated. But that such a view should be entertained seems natural enough when a man so conspicuously identified as is Mr. Archer with progressive ideals in literature and other fields of life, finds it easy to ask, "is it not the great essential for the ultimate world-peace that races should learn to keep themselves to themselves?" Put aside the utter insufficiency of real evidence in favor of such a contention. Pass over the fact that a half-dozen years of Imperialist madness cut no permanent groove for the progress of the world. Merely consider that the ideal of race-exclusiveness here hinted at means nothing less than a throw-back to conditions that antedate civilization. High Chinese walls around every country to keep out not only the stranger's goods, but the stranger himself—that is what the modern theories of race-superiority and race-purity bring us to. Mr. Walling asks:

> Will the defenders of individual freedom, social justice, and human brotherhood awake in time to the danger of the most monstrous reversion in history since the foundation of the religions of human brotherhood and love two thousand, yes, three thousand years before the period when the world was made physically one by steam and electricity, and half the population of the earth became sufficiently enlightened to claim a share in the world's progress?

We do not think the danger so imminent as all that. We find it deplorable, nevertheless, that Western thought should be dandling about ideals which we associate with a somnolent China and a caste-ridden India, and at a time when China and India are forcing their painful but steady way towards Western ideals.

The position held by Mr. Archer considers itself, and is apt to be considered, as scientific. His opponent's views are apt to be stigmatized as sentimental. Yet deeper reflection will show that science in a truer sense is with the old humanitarian view against the race and caste advocates. The chief scientific characteristic of the latter is their cold-bloodedness. A segregated negro State, a locked-up frontier, is impressive because it is cruel. It is not scientific to fix one's gaze upon the present spasm of militarism in Europe, and overlook the growing desire of the world's masses for peace, as twice shown at The Hague. It is not scientific to dwell on the defects of democracy in the West, and to pass over the stirring of nearly all Asia to democracy. It is not even scientific to interpret racial conflict as tending to racial exclusiveness. California's and Australia's hostility to the Japanese seems to Mr. Archer proof that the races must be kept apart. But it is nearer the truth to say that the existence of anti-Japanese feeling only means that the old rule of exclusiveness will no longer work. When the Japanese didn't count, no one disliked them. Now they do count, and, for all the temporary hatreds and exclusion laws, they must make their way to equality as their strength grows. Civilization which has grown by contact among the nations of the earth will not tolerate the splitting up of the nations.

AS BAEDEKER SEES US.

There is one pleasure which loyal members of the "See America First" society can never enjoy. This is the pleasure of perusing Baedeker's United States from the comparative point of view. The American tourist who associates the limp red binding with old-world associations gets a positive thrill from the inspection of the volume devoted to his own native land. John Graham Brooks in his recent volume, "As Others See Us," has skimmed the cream from many a volume of forgotten lore about our country, but did not include the impersonal Baedeker. It must not be imagined that anything one could say of this world-renowned series of travellers' hand-books can add to or detract from their merits. They have become an international institution. But one may venture to indulge in reflections upon the Procrustean formality with which they envelop the business of travel. Their Olympian aloofness and cosmopolitanism do not alter with a change in latitude. The serious-minded British globe-trotter and the indefatigable German tourist insist on taking their pleasures sadly, and find support in the ever-faithful Baedeker.

Despite the fact that Dr. J. F. Muirhead has for over a quarter of a century had charge of the English editions of Baedeker, the style has been thoroughly subdued to the material in which he works. The introductory article proves this up to the hilt. Beginning, as is proper, with the question of the expense of an American tour, he remarks truly enough that it may be reckoned inevit-

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ably from one-fourth to one-third more in this country than abroad. "Persons of moderate requirements," however, by frequenting boarding houses, instead of hotels, and by avoiding carriage hire, may travel comfortably in this country. On one point he is very reassuring: "Throughout almost the whole country, travelling is now as safe as in the most civilized parts of the world, and the carrying of arms, which, indeed, is forbidden in many States, is as unnecessary here as there." Thrice armed is he who has his sensibilities under control. "He should, from the outset, reconcile himself to the absence of deference or servility on the part of those he considers his social inferiors; but, if ready himself to be courteous on a footing of equality, he will seldom meet any real impoliteness." As to hotels, the best American hostelries will be found "fully as comfortable as the first-class hotels of Europe by all who can accommodate themselves to the manners of the country, etc." Real penetration is evidenced, however, in the warning to avoid restaurants "which solicit the patronage of 'gents' "; and discrimination in the remark that "soap, curiously enough, though provided in hotels, is not provided in boarding houses or lodgings." Ringing for soap is evidently not a monopoly of the traveller in effete Europe.

As to travelling, he weighs carefully the respective merits of the American and European railway carriage, or "car," as he notes it is called here. A "single crying infant or spoiled child may here annoy from sixty to seventy people," whereas abroad the worriment will be confined to "the few in the compartment." Rugs, as a rule, are not necessary upon our trains. Indeed, our trains are generally overheated, even in winter, we are informed. But there are corresponding advantages, such as the amusement derivable from watching the other occupants of the long car, though, in case of accident, there are but two exits. He does not commit himself to a final decision, yet he is not quite without hopes of us. Even at Niagara Falls, "the former extortionate charges and impertinent demeanour of the Niagara hackmen have been somewhat abated." Under "General Hints," the comparative method of sociological induction yields the following gem: "The art of the *Barber and Hair-Dresser* has been developed to a high point in the United States, where the 'tonsorial saloons' are often very luxurious. The prices, however, are high, 10-25 cents for a shave, including hair-brushing and the application of essences."

Most important, however, are the tourists' Glossary and the allied hints about social usages upon the frontier. "An American takes a lady *out* to dinner, while an Englishman takes her *in*." To "wait on" the table does not imply that the *garçon* here leans against or sits on the festal board, but is merely the American equivalent of "waiting at" dinner. A "block" is a "rectangular mass of building, bounded by four streets." A "deck" is a "pack of cards," though with Teutonic thoroughness it is noted that this use of the term is found in Shakespeare. A "bug" is *anglice* "a beetle, insect of almost any kind." And time itself would fail us to tell of the patience with which "gums" and "rubbers," "biscuit" and "crackers," "grips" and "baggage," "high Balls" and "chowders," "pie" and "parlor," are defined for the wandering subjects of the Kaiser or the King. We were sometimes disposed to complain of a certain condescension in foreigners. We were sometimes inclined to ask shudderingly how we were vulgar, and were rebuffed by the answer, "Because thou art not like unto us," from Lucifer, Son of the Morning. But we have changed all that. Our sensibilities ought no more to be wounded by the stranger within our gates. For as the excellent Baedeker says: "The first requisites for the enjoyment of a tour in the United States are an absence of prejudice and a willingness to accommodate one's self to the customs of the country."

WHY WE COMMEMORATE CALVIN.

I.

It would probably be difficult to find anywhere to-day more than a handful of persons who would really enjoy being called by the name of "Calvinist." Yet the Protestant world is joining with singular unanimity in celebrating, on the tenth day of this month, the four hundredth anniversary of Calvin's birth. Geneva, the scene of his chief outward activities, will, in these days, be the central point of interest for all those, who, divided in every detail of religious organization, are one in their opposition to a church of authority. If we can explain this apparent paradox, we shall come near to an understanding of what Calvin means to the thinking men of our day.

The approach of the present anniversary has revived to a notable extent interest in Calvin's dominating, but perplexing, personality. The materials for the history of his life and work have been presented to the world in absolute completeness, and biographical studies of greater or less extent have helped in a general understanding of the man and his meaning for the world. Still, after all, the popular impression of him remains singularly inadequate. Probably most Protestants and all Catholics continue to hold the idea once expressed in the writer's hearing by an educated woman, that Calvin was a malignant, at times a furious, fanatic finding his chief satisfaction in violent controversy, a man whose memory was to be execrated and whose example was valuable only as a horrible warning. Nothing could be further from the truth. "Fanatic" is the last word that could properly be applied to Calvin. If it means anything, it means a man so absorbed by one idea that all others lose their proper proportion in his mind. From the first moment of his approach to the problems of his life, Calvin shows us the type of the deliberate, systematic, constructive mind to which all fanaticism is specially abhorrent, which cannot even co-exist with it. No fanatic has ever become a great leader of men along lines of constructive utility. Fanatics have, indeed, often given the inspiration that has roused enthusiasm and led indirectly to great results, but they have never built up the world's systems, either of thought or of social organization.

If we inquire into the causes of Calvin's influence, we shall be impressed first of all by its universality. The other great leaders of reform, Wycliffe, Hus, Luther, Zwingli, were, each in his time, identified with the special needs and the historical conditions of a single country. Each of these men represented, in a singularly true and singularly complete sense, the spirit of his own nation. Each was in his own way and has remained ever since the popular type of the people he primarily served. It might fairly be said of each, that he was the natural product of the national genius. His work was done for the nation and was made possible through it. The man and the nation belonged together, reacted upon each other, determined each other's character and defined the limits of expression within which each might move.

No such limitation exists in the case of Calvin. True, he was, as has often been pointed out, in many ways a typical product of the French genius; but France would not receive this, one of the greatest of her sons. She drove him out into an exile, bitter at first and never to become quite sweet to his emi-

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nently domestic and affectionate nature. Through this exile, he lost that background of national support his earlier colleagues had possessed, but the gain was greater than the loss. Without fault or merit of his own, he was freed from a multitude of complications that had fettered in countless ways the thought and the action of the other reformatory leaders. They had been compelled at every turn to take account of the social and political conditions of their several lands. They had, almost from the first, been driven into compromises and adjustments that had seriously modified their own original views. They had had to consider ways and means, sometimes to play fast and loose with the standards of right they had themselves laid down, and all this had cost them dearly in the estimation of the world, even the world of sympathizers outside.

If, for example, we compare the Luther of 1520 with the Luther of 1530, we are at once impressed with the change that has come over his ideals. Step by step during that decade he had been driven from one position after another by the insistent demands of one and another policy too important for him to overlook. He had been warned by the extravagances of the radical wing on the one hand, and by the conservatism of existing powers on the other. His attitude, defiant at first, had by 1530 become largely apologetic. The great Confession of Augsburg, the Constitution of later Lutheranism, is penetrated throughout by the spirit of compromise made necessary by the complications of German political and social life. We are not questioning either the wisdom of this attitude or the nobility of the ideals still preserved in the Lutheran position. We are only illustrating the practical limitations of nationality and world-politics that kept the Lutheran movement mainly within the sphere of German life. It would be easy also to draw similar illustrations from Switzerland, from Bohemia, and from England. In each of these cases the Reformation had to make its way into the structure of an already fixed social and political order, and the measure of its success depended largely upon the degree to which it could conciliate the various elements of that society.

II.

If now we turn to Calvin we find an entirely different situation. The exile of 1535 remained an exile throughout his long life. Geneva, the home of his active years, was never the "place where he belonged." Instead of claiming him as its own, as Bohemia claimed Hus, it was rather taken in hand by him as material for the working out of ideas already elaborated elsewhere. Geneva was Calvin's laboratory, not his fatherland. Calvin belongs, therefore, not to Geneva, as Luther belongs to Germany, but to the world. His greatest work for humanity was not so much what he did for and with Geneva, as in the system of ideas worked out into tangible form before the thought of carrying them out into practice could ever have occurred to him. The author of the "Christian Institution" was a young, solitary, and homeless scholar, living, like so many others of his class, under the sheltering hospitality of that Swiss town of Basel, where Erasmus had spent his most peaceful and most fruitful years. The theology of the Reformation in its main propositions was already established. Under its Lutheran and its Zwinglian forms it was making its way; but so far no one had gone at the problem free of all entanglements, as a theologian pure and simple. It is true, Calvin addressed his appeal directly to the French king, but one feels at once that the audience he had in mind was as wide as the interest in religious things.

If we compare this appeal to the French government with Luther's "Address to the Christian Nobility of Germany," the difference is obvious. Luther proposes a series of practical measures whereby the religious ideas he would enforce might be realized under the leadership of the only "safe" class in the community to which he belonged. Calvin rises above all immediate questions of policy into the higher regions of speculative thought, entrusting to time and circumstance the realization of his ideals. It is this quality of universal appeal that more than anything else has made Calvin a name of dignity in the world of thought. Agree with him or not as we may, we recognize in him the man of universal grasp on the greatest problems of the religious life.

Keeping still within the field of speculation we may find a second explanation of Calvin's permanent influence in his emphasis on the great fundamental fact of human sinfulness. In our more joyous and, I venture to believe, sounder view of human life we shall doubtless feel at first thought as if this were but a sorry title to the lasting memory of our kind. Calvinism suggests probably to most of us, first of all a sour-faced disapproval of most pleasant and natural things, a gloomy insistence upon a Hebrew standard of morality little in harmony with our modern respect for what is natural and our modern sympathy with what is beautiful. That Calvin's emphasis on the sinful side of human experience was exaggerated, we need not question. It was exaggerated, as every reaction against rooted evil must be, if it is to be effective. It becomes intelligible only when it is seen in relief against the background of evil it was designed to remedy. Calvin's service in this matter was in making once again clear to the conscience of Christians that sin was a fact of individual experience, not a mere theological device to explain the mystery of human nature, but a tremendous, insistent fact, not to be explained away by theological ingenuity, nor palliated by ecclesiastical devices, but met squarely and dealt with in such fashion as the corporate conscience of Christianity might approve. Of course, in seeking support for his position he went back to the source of all later thinking on the fundamental problems of man's moral nature, to Augustine, and reminded the world anew of its debt to that singular medley of reason and unreason, the Augustinian theology. Of course, again, in so doing he ran perilously near the line along which Augustine was always coasting, the borderland of dualistic thought, ever tempting with its easy solution the loyalty of every Christian thinker who approached its frontier. His nickname of *Novus Manichæus* shows that his contemporaries did not fail to see his peril. He saved himself as Augustine had saved himself, by insisting, after all was said, upon the unity of the divine, even to the point of admitting the divine authorship of what man in his blindness calls "evil."

III.

To estimate this service of Calvin we must look at it, not in the light of our modern adjustments, compromises, or by whatever name we may call our ways of getting along with our consciences, public and private, but rather in the light of what Calvin, in common with the whole Protestant world, was trying to replace. His work was dictated by a profound sense of the need of reform, which no right-minded man of his day could overlook. Least of all could right-thinking Catholics afford, for the sake of their own institutions, to neglect the insistent demand for a pretty thorough overhauling of the whole ecclesiastical system. With the pitiless logic of the French mind, Calvin went straight to the heart of the matter, and found his solution in that emphasis upon personal sin as a part of the very nature of every human being which we are here considering. He had no new criticism of the existing order to offer. All that had been done before. From Wycliffe on there had been no lack of reminders as to the outward ills of the ecclesiastical body. What was needed was some principle whereby men could coördinate and harmonize all the varied forms of protest that so far had been inefficient for lack of such a rational unity. Neither was there any absolute novelty in the proposition regarding sin in itself. The Church accepted it and had built up its machinery of sacramental remedy and recovery upon it. What was new was the emphatic position given by Calvin to sin as the central fact in man's dealing with his religious needs.

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Under the Roman system this consciousness of sin, though theologically accepted, had in practice become obscured and confused in a mechanism that kept the mass of believers satisfied, but could never escape the criticism of whoever could read the signs of the times. The reformers preceding Calvin had paltered with the sacramental system, trying to hold as much of it as possible out of regard for the weaknesses of those on whom they depended for support, both from above and from below. Calvin, to all intents and purposes, threw away these fictitious props to the religious life, calling sinful men back sharply to their sin and giving them what he believed to be the true means of remedy.

It is impossible to pass over this chapter of Calvin's activity without reference to what would now probably be thought his most repellant doctrine. The idea of predestination had never been able to take deep root in Christian soil. Ever since Augustine it had risen now and again to the surface of discussion, only to be either repudiated or so greatly modified as to lose its most distinctive character. Augustine himself had distinctly balked at the extreme form of putting the inevitable logic of the situation. He was willing to accept a selection of those destined to be saved, but he could not go the length of admitting a divine determination of those who were to be lost. Calvin did not shrink from this dire alternative. From the point of view of God, *i. e.*, of an ultimate philosophy, such as Calvin believed himself to possess, there was no great difficulty in accepting the idea that divine knowledge and divine will were so absolutely one that the final destiny of every man was determined in every sense in that infinite plan, which lay at the back of all Augustinian thought. The horror of the "double" predestination comes when we frail mortals try to bring in the element of human will and human responsibility. Calvin saved the day for himself and for those who followed his conclusions, as Luther had done before him, by the doctrine of justification by faith. The man of faith brought—or, what was the same thing, believed he brought—his own will so entirely into harmony with the divine that there was no contradiction between them, not indeed once for all, but so that a continual effort was necessary.

That is the explanation of the extraordinary grip of the Calvinistic morality upon minds of a certain type wherever they were found. French Huguenot, English Independent, Scotch Covenanter, New England Puritan, all alike were seized by the irresistible logic of Calvin's argument. The obvious comment, heard already in Augustine's day, that all predestination was fatal to morality, because, if a man's fate were determined beforehand, all motive to morality was taken away, proved itself utterly irrelevant. It was precisely this fact, this stripping away every element of bargaining with Providence, this categorical imperative without reference to rewards and punishments, that stiffened the moral sense and braced it to meet the assaults of temptation. The principle of effort, personal to every man, unaided by human mechanism, necessary at every point and wholly without guarantee as to its final result—this was something worth while for strong men and patient women. They were nerved to the effort, not by the hope of [illegible] by the conviction that they were thus entering vitally and personally into the "inscrutable plan of God." Right was right, no longer in virtue of a canonical system depending upon human enactments or human compromises, but because of an imperative command, laid down by divine sanction and needing to be interpreted only by the human conscience, guided by such light as a reverent study of the "Word of God" would give.

IV.

It is this directness of appeal that forms the third claim of Calvin to the respect of the modern world. It would, of course, be the insanity of laudation to describe Calvin as an apostle of religious liberty as we of to-day understand the word. Such an idea was utterly foreign to the thought of the sixteenth century. Men were searching, not for any abstract liberty, but for trustworthy guidance. They were repudiating the direction of an institution that seemed to have outlived its usefulness, but they were not proclaiming "Rights of Man" nor building temples to the "Goddess of Reason." They were seeking, in bitter earnestness of soul, for a better guide, and believed they had found it in the infallible written word. It needs no skill to point out the crudities and absurdities of any literal Scripturalism, Hebrew, Mohammedan, or Christian. Such criticism is only too easy, and it has been tried in every possible form. Nothing useful can be gained by it. To ridicule the appeal to Scripture as narrow and blind and fatal to human progress, is only to miss the point of the real Calvinistic contribution to the world's movement. The doctrine of the final authority of Scripture may well be compared to the theory of law which has led now and again to important codifications of existing legal practice. Society was getting along rather clumsily with its precedents and their interpretation by the courts, but how much neater it would all be if this mass of confusion could but once be analyzed out into chapters and paragraphs so that he who runs might read. So codes of law have been made. But, alas! no sooner was the ink dry upon their pages than the process of interpretation has had to be begun over again, lest the law, the hourly creation of the changing needs of men, should be hardened into a rigid system sure to defeat the very ends of justice for which it was framed.

This appeal to Scripture is really the summons to every individual man to go for himself to the original sources of Christian truth, and to interpret them for himself in the light of every illumination he can bring to bear upon them. If from time to time experts throw new light upon the meaning of Scripture, their appeal is again to the reason and conscience of the individual, and so new regions of thought and experience are opened up for the profit of generations to come. Such illumination can come only out of the continuous effort of individuals stimulated to their best thought by the call to personal action.

To this directness of the appeal to faith corresponds, then, a similar directness in man's approach to his God in every stage of worship. As he is free to believe what he must, without the dictation of any organization, so he is free to come face to face with the divine mystery without the aid of any priestly intervention. "The priesthood of the Christian man," the idea that every believing soul stands just as near to the sources of all truth as any "ordination" can ever bring him, is in many ways the most precious legacy of the Reformation. No doctrine of the reformers struck more vitally than this at the vested interests of every establishment or called forth more violent opposition. The reforming churches modified it in practice. Their ministries became sometimes as despotic and as arrogant as any apostolic succession could ever be, yet these ministries could never forget that they owed their authority, in the last resort, to their own personal superiority, intellectual and spiritual, to the people they guided, and would lose it if they failed in these particulars. The sources were as open to one as to the other, and if the ministry should deny a reverent freedom to their flock, they would be undermining the very basis of their own influence.

It would, of course, be idle to maintain that all these glorious possibilities were realized in the Geneva of Calvin: but the history of his struggle there to make his abstract scheme of a *civitas Dei* acceptable to the warring factions of the Genevese citizens is a perfect illustration of the principles we are considering. These hard-headed citizens had not thrown off one tyranny, only to accept another. The Reform must commend itself to them in all essential ways before they would commit themselves to it. The notion that Calvin, in some mysterious fashion, hypnotized Geneva into a blind obedience to his will, as the saintly heroes of the Middle Ages

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won their victories by appeals to the superstition of a credulous age, is wholly erroneous. His life there was one long conflict with men who were as determined as he not to accept what did not commend itself to their judgment.

V.

The universality of his appeal, the emphasis upon personal sin and the directness of the approach to God as the way of salvation, these were what roused the individual to a new religious experience, and these constitute the chief part of the world's debt to Calvin. One other side of his activity claims our attention. Calvin was, indeed, primarily a theologian, but his idea of theology was a very large one. Already, in the first draft of an "Institutio Christiana," he had outlined his view of the mutual relation of religion and the state. Developed theoretically in the later editions and put into practice at Geneva, this contribution to political science forms the practical commentary upon the soundness of the more speculative achievements of Calvin's genius. The example of England, where a determined monarch had declared himself under God Head of the Church in his realm, filled him with indignation. The Lutheran solution of expediency which allowed the head of the state to dictate the religion of his subjects was hardly less repellent to him. In principle his ideal differed little from that of the Roman Church. Like that, it favored complete independence of church and state, provided only that the state should be absolutely dominated by religious purpose. The world owes to Calvin the lesson to be learned from his model experiment with the little community of Geneva. It was, humanly speaking, an accident that gave Calvin his opportunity. So far as we know, he was not seeking a chance to put his theoretical scheme into practice, but was simply resting at Geneva in the course of a journey back from Italy to his study in Basel, when he was importuned by his early friend, Farel, then chief minister of the reformed Geneva church, to stay and help him in his difficult task. We cannot even be sure that the opportunity was welcome to Calvin. He had never been what we now call an "organizer." He was anxious to be back at his congenial studies. His *nolo episcopari* was more than the conventional reluctance of the canonical tradition. Yet that momentous resolve to lend a hand where it was sorely needed gave an impulse to the whole process of delimiting the civil and the spiritual powers, the most recent wave of which has appeared in the final separation of church and state at Geneva itself. The advocates of that separation were the true spiritual children of Calvin, rather than their opponents, who claimed that title for themselves.

The Calvinistic state was, indeed, very far from being what we now think of under the name of a purely civil order. Its ideal was almost a theocratic one. It conceived of a community so thoroughly penetrated by religious feeling that its government should be only the working expression of religion. It was not that the government, being something different from the people, as in a German principality, might dictate the forms of religious belief and practice. Rather, the government was the instrument whereby the people was to carry out its highest ideals into beneficent practice. Yet Calvin's ideal form of government was not a democracy any more than it was a monarchy. It was an aristocracy, that is, really a government by the best fitted to govern, and so far as the world has advanced in this matter the results have at least not yet disproved the value of this ideal.

It is through this principle of a civil community interpenetrated with the ideals of a kingdom of God on earth, that we come to Calvin's chief service as a teacher, although an unconscious one, of human liberty. If it were true that every man had a right to be heard on the most important problems of the spiritual life, and if the community as a whole were to be founded upon the best results of such deliberation, then it seemed to follow of necessity that every man might also in the last analysis have a right to his opinion on the problems of social order as well. This conclusion did not need to be drawn in any theoretical fashion. It was suggested by the very working of the Calvinistic state itself. It was idle for leaders of the Reformation to protest that they were not advocating a liberty that in the end must prove dangerous to the tyrannies of every land in which it could gain a foothold. It was only a momentary check that came from such a monstrous inconsistency as the destruction of Servetus, carried out by Calvin and approved by the leaders of the reformed churches everywhere. The ancient Church was perfectly right in maintaining that the impulse of the religious revolution could not be permitted to go on without danger to all the traditions it held most precious. It was impossible for the reformed state not to go further. If the sources of religion were to be understood in such a way as to make them vital for the people's good, then they must be studied, no longer in the foolish manner of the mediæval allegorizing method, but with an honest desire to know what the writers of the sacred books really said and meant. If such study were to be successful, education must be directed to this end. If education were to be free to work out its own ends, it must be protected by the civil order. Scholarship must be raised from the service of a religious institution to an independent standing as the indispensable foundation of all sound doctrine. If the enlightened human reason were, indeed, as Calvin maintained, a necessary adjunct to a complete understanding of the word of God, then it was obvious that a sound philosophy must come in to make the mere linguistic accuracy of Christian scholarship effective. In short, if we examine the progress of all modern liberal thought, we see that the way was prepared for it by the struggles after clearness of the systematic reformers and, above all, of Calvin and his successors. There is no fact better worth impressing on the modern liberal churches than this: that they have come to be what they are through a development out of the Calvinism they are only too ready to undervalue or to despise. Whatever they have that is most vital to the religious experience of to-day, they owe, not to the rags of ecclesiasticism that still cling about a timid Protestantism, but to the sound, creative principle of reverent liberty that is the best heritage of John Calvin. EPHRAIM EMERTON.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The volumes of Charles Evans's great "American Bibliography" are coming along with surprising regularity. Vol. V, covering the period 1774 to 1778, has just been sent out by the author from his home in Rogers Park, Chicago. This was a prolific period for the American Press, and 3,085 books, pamphlets, and broadsides appearing in those six years are described in the present volume. The total number of items recorded from the introduction of printing in 1639 to the end of 1778 is 16,176. With each volume the quality of Mr. Evans's work improves. His first volume was mainly a compilation, few of the books were described *de visu*. Now he is getting into a broader and fresher field, much of his work is new, and his descriptions are largely made from the books themselves. As he points out in his preface to the present volume, up to 1774 the literature of America had been distinctly religious. But for a period beginning with 1774 the intellectual effort of the best minds of the colonies were occupied with political discussion, and the presses teemed with political pamphlets. The first Congress met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, and extracts from their proceedings were reprinted in most of the colonies. These various publications have been well worked up by Worthington C. Ford, in his edition of the "Journals" being brought out by the Library of Congress. In January, 1776, Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" appeared anonymously from the press of Robert Bell in Philadelphia, and of the twelve editions, according to Mr. Evans, not less than a hundred thousand copies were printed. The Legislature of Pennsylvania voted its author five hundred pounds in appreciation of its value to the cause of American liberty.

The difficulty of securing paper must at that time having seriously hampered the printers. Some copies of "Additions to Plain Truth; addressed to the Inhabitants of America," printed by Bell in 1776, have

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the latter portion printed on blue paper with a slip:

To every purchaser. The impossibility of obtaining white, constituted the law of necessity for part of these Additions to appear in blue. The philosopher reacheth beyond outward appearances. The patriot surmounted every difficulty. And the bookseller industriously attempteth business, agreeable to the prescriptions and decrees of the British and American laws of freedom concerning the liberty of the press. Third Street, April 24th, 1776.

Another printer, Isaac Collins of Burlington, in his Almanac for 1773, says:

Paper so scarce is grown of late
My customers I stint,
For tho' I've matter in my Pate
It can't get into print.

In our notices of the preceding volumes we have called attention to the wastefulness of the space in the column headed "Auction Values." It is even more notable here. Out of the 3,085 titles recorded "auction values" are given for seventy-six only. No effort whatever seems to have been made to secure this information, and the values where given are largely from the Brinley sales and other now antiquated records. Misleading values are worse than useless. As examples: for Romans's "History of East and West Florida," 1775, the Barlow sale record of $85 is given, though a copy brought $410 in the Conely sale at Libbie's in 1902. For that Tory tract, "A Dialogue between a Southern Delegate and his Spouse," 1774, the "value" is given as $16, though $100 was paid for the Pennypacker copy in 1907. Other similar cases might be noted.

Correspondence.

WAS JOHN COTTON THE PRECEPTOR OF HENRY VANE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Dr. Henry M. King in your issue of June 10, "Was John Cotton the Preceptor of Sir Henry Vane?" since it calls in question statements made in the present writer's "Life of Young Sir Henry Vane," of twenty years ago, is a challenge to maintain, if it can be done, those positions. That Vane was affected by his association with John Cotton, Dr. King denies; and in general that an influence went back from New England to Old England which was potent in shaping the English Commonwealth, he gravely doubts. In these opinions Dr. King rejects the conclusions of J. Wingate Thornton, in his "Historical Relations of New England and the English Commonwealth" (*passim*) and of David Masson, in his "John Milton" (vol. II, pp. 597-8).

He attaches no weight also to the contemporary testimony of Baillie, the Covenanter, the enemy of the English Commonwealth, nor to that of the Independent ministers and leaders who promoted it powerfully. The popular cry of the days of the English Civil War, that Independency was "the New England Way," Dr. King makes little account of. If his opinions are just we must regard as discredited one of the most picturesque and interesting traditions of New England history, which until now no good scholar has seemed inclined to question.

As regards an influence upon Vane proceeding from Cotton, Dr. King objects to the phrase "trained in Cotton's study," employed by Thornton and approved by the present writer in his biography. Vane in New England was little more than a boy in years, but twenty-three in fact, finely endowed and precocious indeed, ripened, too, by remarkable experiences, for he had travelled over Europe as far as Vienna in the depth of the Thirty Years' War, seen life in courts, camps, and universities, and enjoyed the privileges of a high-born English youth. He was nevertheless immature, showing plainly in his New England career the youthful faults of conceit, petulance, and unsteadiness. He was, of course, susceptible to influences from his environments. He had been trained at Westminster and Oxford, trained also, there is too much reason to suppose, at Vienna in the crafty atmosphere of the Jesuits, who, under Ferdinand II, were laboring to undo the Reformation; trained also among Calvinistic disputants in Protestant lands. Now came a time of training in John Cotton's study. What manner of man was John Cotton? If we had only his writings to judge from, he is at a disadvantage as compared with several of his New England contemporaries. To modern readers he is less interesting than the candid and sensible Winthrop, the bold and earnest Roger Williams, the pungent Nathaniel Ward, "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam." In the enormous perplexities, moreover, among which his lot was cast, his course was sometimes vacillating and inconsistent. In spite of all this he must be reckoned one of the best purposed and forceful Englishmen of his day. For a generation his character leavened the life of the Eastern counties of England in a marvellous way. After his emigration he dominated New England no less; he maintained his prestige, though unsteady in his politics and theology and apparently treacherous in his friendships; and when he died at last the people who had felt his power saw portents in the heavens as at the passing of almost a God-inspired prophet.

With this strong figure, then, in full maturity, Vane, at an age when all men are impressionable, came into close association for many months. Dr. King thinks Vane must have regarded Cotton with repulsion. Why, then, did Vane seek Cotton out and cling to him? Dr. King does not question the accepted story that during Vane's sojourn in America they lived together by Vane's election in the same house. So far from being repelled, Vane was plainly attracted by Cotton. They had many points in sympathy, notably an admiration for the prophetess Anne Hutchison. Cotton was no democrat, avers Dr. King. Nor was Vane a democrat, for not until a time long after this did he accept the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people. Of course they differed. When is it otherwise in contacts of vigorous natures? There is the best evidence that for Vane Cotton was a presence winning and congenial. As the two leaders of the colony, Winthrop being for the moment in the background, we may infer without much stretch of the imagination what they talked about. Certainly the constitution of the churches would be a topic, and the author of "The Way of the Churches" and "The Keys," epoch-making tracts of Cotton about to appear and become the accepted text-books of Independency, would instil into Vane's mind Independency—a thought, of course, not new to the youth, for, as Dr. King rightly declares, it had been working its way in England for half a century. But the veteran's convictions would certainly not fail to clear and deepen the idea in the mind of the incipient champion. In 1637 Vane and Cotton parted, the latter to pursue a career in which a disposition naturally broad and kind was warped into severity and narrowness which would not have developed among other surroundings, the former to move among conditions which carried him at last into an atmosphere of the freest. The facts of human nature being what they are, Vane must have carried an impress from Cotton. Besides his wide training in other schools, it is certain he was trained in Cotton's study.

As to the claim that New England had an important influence in the setting up of the English Commonwealth, a claim which Dr. King seems to think not well founded, since New England Congregationalism was something quite different from Independency, this may be said. For full half a century, no doubt, before the Plymouth and Massachusetts immigrations, Robert Browne's leaven was working in England. Independency was, however, a movement under the surface, not effectively voiced, and without vogue among the classes which held place and power. It was nevertheless struggling up, and notably the founders of Massachusetts Bay were scholars and gentlemen well disposed toward free ideas. At the setting up of the First Church, August 27, 1630, the church of Plymouth was invited to appear and take part. Plymouth sent its delegates, who, however, were prevented by storms from arriving in time. The ceremony was of the simplest, the ordination of Wilson and Nowell being by a simple laying on of hands by members of the congregation, and when the Plymouth men, out and out Separatists, arrived, all that had been done was fully approved. Winthrop was naturally of a liberal spirit, undergoing rebuke for undue "leniency." Cotton, too, arriving somewhat later, was by nature as we have said, broad-minded. But the experiences of Massachusetts Bay soon discouraged a tolerant policy. However much we may admire Roger Williams, his words and deeds were often of a kind to startle people of steady habits, anxious for a quiet, well-ordered society while they clung precariously to the edge of the new continent. When a little later the Hutchinsonian excitement began, however much the prophetess may call out our pity and sympathy, no careful student of the time will judge otherwise than that the crisis was appalling. When men like John Underhill, the successful soldier of the colony, claiming to be a "subject of grace," gave himself up to libertinage, such excesses as those of Munster seemed not far off. When in the Pequot war, with a blotting-out of the colonies imminent, the Boston contingent, an important part of the forces, refused to march because the chaplain, John Wilson, was "under a covenant of works," it was only reasonable to ask how under such conditions the English hold could endure. Inevitably the disposition toward toleration grew feeble, giving way to the con-

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viction that, if the colony was to stand, there must be greater rigidity in both church and state. Hence it came about that what Dr. Dexter calls a "presbyterianized congregationalism" set in in place of the freedom to which the wiser leaders at first inclined. Plymouth, not populous and in a way remote, felt the strain less; the tradition of spiritual freedom, moreover, was deeper and stronger there; it remained liberal. Liberal, too, remained Rhode Island, which was only, in fact, the asylum of the Massachusetts recalcitrants; and also Providence, though it ought not to be lost sight of that there were bounds even to the tolerance of Roger Williams.

Turning now to Old England, the development was widely different. Browneism, long submerged, working its way among humble people with little recognition from the scholarly and high placed, found at last authoritative statement, a setting forth which gave it prestige and respectability; and the champion was no other than John Cotton (Masson's "Milton," II, 598), in his earlier time the ecclesiastical light of the Eastern Counties, and now the dominating personality of the New England Church. No one will contend that he was consistent. He vacillated; in the strait into which he came he did violence to his natural disposition and went back upon his earlier professions; for democracy in church or state he never had a kind word. Nevertheless, in the "Way of the Churches" and "The Keys" (the ideas in these tracts we may suppose were in his mind during his intimacy with Vane) he distinctly enunciated an order in which certainly neither prelate nor synod had part, each congregation, after the Browneist fashion, being left to determine for itself what it should believe and practise. The books appeared at the critical moment. The writer was in a distant wilderness, but they went far and wide throughout agitated England, and we have the testimony of the great independent divines how powerfully they were themselves affected by them, and how far the tracts contributed to crystallize and make potent the ideas at the basis of the then nascent Commonwealth.

The return tide from New England to the old home was strong. While immigrants poured westward, there was always a reflex stream eastward, and in the stream went many men of force and education whom it was a misfortune for the colony to lose. Most of the first Harvard class, of 1642, found their careers in the Old World, an illustration of the strength of the attraction exercised by Europe upon the more intelligent young men. While in one way the drain was calamitous, in another it was for the best, for it is quite certain that far the larger part of this New England reflux engaged in the effort to establish that construction in which the Anglo-Saxon race has especial reason to take pride, the English Commonwealth. A few New England men, no doubt, found Presbyterianism more congenial, of whom Thomas Weld was a type; but far the larger number, however balked in its development the Independency might be from which they had come, upheld the Root and Branch, fought with the Ironsides, and helped to break the power of crown, bishop, and synod.

To glance at a few figures of especial significance among these returning New Englanders, first comes Henry Vane, whose early inclination toward Independency we persist in believing, with all due deference to Dr. King, was defined and confirmed by his training during his Boston sojourn in John Cotton's study. He was in the head and front of the leadership which achieved among such trials the great result. A man of great influence, too, was Hugh Peter, who, however he may at one time have disclaimed Independency, as Dr. King shows, became in a new environment perhaps the most extreme type of the idea he had once rejected, the especial *bête noire* of Cavalier and Covenanter, whether he preached or headed a squadron of Ironsides or sat at the ear of Cromwell as the most radical of counsellors, until at last he was tortured to death by his foes in a martyrdom whose details must not be given for modern readers. A soul of even purer zeal and devotedness was Roger Williams, who sped back and forth across the Atlantic, and was scarcely less a power in Old England than in New. In particular his "Bloudy Tenent" established toleration as a cardinal principle of the Independent creed. In the same company must be reckoned George Downing, nephew of John Winthrop, a Harvard alumnus of 1642. Beginning his English career as chaplain of Okey's regiment in the New Model, he soon became an active soldier, rising, until at last as "scoutmaster-general" he became the eye of the army; later he was not less capable in the field of Cromwellian diplomacy. He fell at last under a cloud, adhering to the Stuart after the Restoration, and while he feathered well his own nest, betraying his old comrades to suffer as traitors and regicides. For long George Downing ran well, though sadly hindered at the end from winning the race.

Such were the leaders; men of lesser note following numerously, the reflex stream from New England recruiting and invigorating essentially the forces of Independency. There are good historical grounds for saying that the idea was first authoritatively formulated in John Cotton's study, in which Henry Vane, the boy Governor, underwent a useful training, and that the popular voice in England did not go wide of the truth when it spoke of Independency as the "New England way."

JAMES K. HOSMER.

St. Paul, Minn., June 25.

THE BACON ACROSTIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been following with an interest perhaps disproportionate to its real value in affairs in general, this latest Bacon acrostic. It is the "curiousest"—as Alice would say—puzzle that I have ever met with. Here is a variation of the old numerical "string" cipher, used, apparently, as an identification mark for keeping Bacon's name in Shakespeare's works.

There are some—and your columns have already given them expression—who consider the acrostics to be accidents. So did I at first. A friend of mine, however, a mathematical professor, examined Mr. Booth's book for me, and showed me, on a scientific basis, how such a thing was, in the present case, impossible. One acrostic found in an indifferent place in a book—such as Gray's "Elegy," with which Bacon could have had nothing to do, is not significant. The problem in Mr. Booth's book is this: Can a series of similar acrostics recurring on first and last pages throughout a single set of writings be due to chance? It is the duplication, the reduplication, in corresponding and significant places that counts.

Let me relate a personal experience: Having the mathematician's words echoing in my mind, I set to work looking for acrostics. Instead of confining myself to one man's books, however, I took down volumes at random from my shelves, and, applying *all* of Mr. Booth's varieties of the (one) method, sought for "signatures" on *first* pages. Out of over a hundred books thus inspected I got *one* acrostic, better than those which Mr. Rice published in your paper for the 24th. It read Francisco Bacono from the corner of the top line to a central O, and then ran out backwards to a corner F on the last line. It read the same *up*. It read Francis Bacon in the same two directions, keying on a central N. It read Fran as well as Fra Bacon up, but not down. Moreover, it should be repeated, this was only *one* in a hundred first pages, and there was no recurrence in the book—on first and last pages of the chapters.

Calling then the chances of finding an acrostic by accident on first or last pages one in one hundred (and this was by using all the "approaches" that Mr. Booth uses) the chances of finding another, in the same book, in a corresponding place, are two in a hundred squared. Three would mean three in a hundred to the third power, and so on. If there were a hundred, as is the case with the First Folio, the figures are so overwhelming that the veriest Shakespearean—as I once was—must throw up his hands. Of the accuracy of this calculation there can be no question, and I am anxiously waiting for the scholars who understand this problem to tell us what it all means. The literature of the cipher is so little known in this country, however, that we may have to call on Germany to help us out.

W. L. STODDARD.

Boston, Mass., June 25.

[In the interest of fair play we gladly print this letter, though we feel compelled to add that the illustration and the argument seem to us not at all final. That the works, in whole or in part, attributed to Bacon, Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Puttenham, Bodenham, and Barnfield, were written by a single man, is so repugnant to historical evidence and the most elementary literary sense as to demand proof of an altogether extraordinary sort. Such a cipher, if it exists—and its existence is far from being proved—could only have been inserted by some wanton mystificator. The discussion is not profitable.—ED. NATION.]

FIFTEENTH CENTURY VERSES IN PRAISE OF PRINTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The correspondence on what we may perhaps call the evolution of Cardelius (see the *Nation* of April 1, May 6, 13, and 27)

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has been very amusing. Before the appearance of the illuminating letter of Mr. J. C. Dana I had been much puzzled by the quotation from the pseudo-Cardelius, for I was at the time occupied with a genuine fifteenth century poem in honor of the first printer. It is remarkable that so little was in its early days said of the invention of typography. In ancient times it was the function of poets to celebrate the heroic deeds and skilful achievements of those who contributed to the advancement and prosperity of the tribe or nation to which he belonged. But this was discontinued at an early date, for where is the poem to celebrate the invention of printing? And yet what battle or conquest has had so wonderful an effect on civilization as the art of multiplying books by means of metal type?

The greatness of the invention was, however, not entirely without recognition. In reading Mr. Alfred William Pollard's remarkable monograph on "Colophons" I came across phrases which show that some men had at least a dim sense of the power of the new revolutionary force. But the most elaborate attempt I have seen is in the verses subjoined by Hieronymus Bononius to his edition of the "Orthographia" of Tortellius of Arezzo, sometimes called Jean Aretin, which was issued in 1477. Of the author there is a characteristic notice by Pierre Bayle in his "Dictionnaire." Bononius is known to me only as a name in the British Museum catalogue. The text of his poem begins thus:

Tingere dispositis chartas quicumque metallis
Cœpit: et insignes edidit ære notas
Mercurio genitore satus: genitrice Minerva
Præditus æthereæ semine mentis erat. . . .

The whole poem, which extends to thirteen couplets in the original, may be turned thus into modern speech:

THE POEM OF HIERONYMUS BONONIUS IN HONOUR OF THE FIRST PRINTER.

The man who first devised the happy art
With brazen type on paper fair to write,
Was surely son of Hermes, god of skill;
Pallas Athene was his mother wise,
And in him dwelt the spirit of the gods,
Nor Ceres nor yet Bacchus did he love,
And was disdainful of all worldly wealth.

The Latins, eager though they were for books,
Had but a slender store for their delight.
Now goodly books on every side are seen,
Thanks to the man in whose applause we speak;
Now for a trifle books of worth are sold,
Though countless coin they cost in former days,
So greedy were the sellers then of books.
Now Livy's History in the mart is seen;
Virgil and Pliny, Marcus Cicero,
Alike in every grammar school are found.

Such are the happy arts of this our day
No books lie mouldering on forgotten shelves.
Kings only in the past, yea scarce a prince,
The priceless volume could obtain, but now
No man so poor but he may own a book.

Here in this goodly volume, by this art,
The words of wise Tortellius are set forth.
Then buy this book all ye who wish to know
The Latin tongue in all its varied forms.
Buy this and from the skilful master learn
Whenas the double letters must be used.
And when the syllables are short or long.
Master this book, and you will skilful be
In all the use of right and pleasing words.

And you who from this volume shall receive
Pleasure and profit, quick make known to men
By hearty praises all your gratitude.

May Providence forever prosper him,
The pious artist-craftsman, who has made
By his skilful art this ever useful book.

Our poet's testimony as to the change in the cost of literature is very emphatic and useful. But how gladly we would exchange his complimentary phrases about Mercury and Ceres for some homely details about that first printer who had excited the poet's gratitude.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, England, June 28.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that the fourth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" will appear early in the autumn. It will cover the period from Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton.

Other publications announced by Putnams for the early autumn are: "A Book of Precious Stones," by Julius Wodiska; "A Quiz Book of Nursing for Teachers and Students," by Amy E. and Thirza A. Pope; "Biographical Story of the Constitution," by Edward G. Elliott, and "American Inland Waterways," by Herbert Quick.

Another Stuart book is to be issued by the Oxford University Press, dealing in this case with "The Last Days of Charles II," from the point of view of the physician. The author is Dr. Raymond Crawfurd.

From T. Fisher Unwin we learn that a volume containing the Complete Plays of Robert Greene is to be added to the Mermaid Series. The editor is Thomas H. Dickinson of the University of Wisconsin. The series is published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the following books for early publication: "Tables and Diagrams of the Thermal Properties of Saturated and Superheated Steam," by Lionel T. Marks and Harvey N. Davis; "Hydraulic Tables and Diagrams for Practical Engineers," by Capt. A. ff. Garrett; "Artificial Manures," by Georges Ville, translated and edited by Sir William Crookes; "The Basis of Ascendancy," by Edgar Gardner Murphy; "Explorers in the New World," by Marion McMurrough Mulhall; "Some Papers of John Francis," from essays and speeches delivered by him, and "Elementary Chemistry," by W. H. Godfrey.

Mme. Gabrielle Sand, granddaughter of George Sand, is dead. She has bequeathed the château at Nohant for an academy, with $20,000 for its maintenance.

"The Love Letters of Famous Poets and Novelists," selected by Lionel Strachey and prefaced with descriptive sketches by Walter Littlefield (The John McBride Co.), is a prettily bound volume containing seventeen groups of amorous correspondence by English, German, French, and American geniuses, with their variously beautified Ophelias. There are philandering epistles by Laurence Sterne expressing the pious hope that, when his inamorata is a widow and he is a widower, they may meet under more auspicious circumstances. There are tragic little sallies of wit and love from Heine lying half blind in Paris and waiting for death. There are frenetic outgushings of sentiment by Victor Hugo. There are romantically idolatrous letters from Poe. Bulwer-Lytton is exhibited in his doddering erotic idiocy. Goethe reveals his sempiternal softness. Keats swoons in ecstasy of passionate expression. Byron betrays the unscrupulous rake. This collection, though it looks like a bible for Daphnis and Chloe, is really a museum of curiosities made up of just those things which the curious public rushes to see, and which the judicious critic declares should be burned. The showmen do not bore us with any tedious historical preamble or moralizing conclusion. They merely inform us, not without a certain zest in the salacious, of such facts as are essential to a lively relish of the object. They make it perfectly plain that when it comes to an affair of the heart a great genius may be as consummate a fool as a grocery clerk. They assemble considerable evidence of the fact that several distinguished men of letters have been very free moral agents. The excerpts from the various writers are so short that one can gain from them no adequate conception of character; but the gossip-loving ear retires satisfied as from an exciting session at seventeen different keyholes.

Like that other traveller, the Lady of the Aroostook, the visitor to Florence "wants to know." He wants more of the human side of the city's story than the standard guides tell him, especially if he outstays the four days assigned by Baedeker. When, for example, all Florence goes hunting crickets in the meadows of the Cascine, he wonders at the association of this *festa del grillo* with Ascension Day, and asks how it represents the "aspiration of youth for love." To meet such needs a class of books which supplement rather than supplant the standard guides has sprung up. To this class belongs, in spite of its pages of "useful information," Signora Elvira Grifi's "Saunterings in Florence," of which R. Bemporad & Son have just issued an enlarged edition. The author shows familiarity with both Italian and English sources, and writes adequately of Florence, and *con amore*, yet briefly, of Florentine heroes and families. The book has so many excellences that one would gladly recommend it as a desirable accession to American librarians, did it not sorely need passing through the hands of a competent English editor, for the sake of added clearness and conciseness and to remove the frequent lapses in grammar and spelling which reappear uncorrected in successive editions.

In "Italian Highways and Byways from a Motor," by Francis Miltoun (L. C. Page & Co.), we are carried through delightful scenes, but the method of conveyance is not calculated to give the traveller more than a superficial impression of the country he is going through. How can it be otherwise? In the space of 370 not over closely printed pages, diversified by Blanche McManus's suggestive illustrations, we are hurried from the Genoa Riviera to Naples by way of Tuscany, around through Romagna to Venice, Lombardy, and back to Piedmont. A motor car can merely speed through—may one say?—the broader byways and allow only a fleeting glimpse at the obvious. At Sermione, for example, we can see all we wish of the Scaligers' fortress, while passing it at the rate of twelve miles an hour, but that most alluring of spots, the villa of Catullus, would require a pause, and with the pause would come the temptation to linger. This temptation Mr.

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Miltoun spares us. The book, however, is full of helpful hints, not only regarding by-ways to seek out, but, when these have been sought and found, other directions of a more practical nature concerning distances and inns, garages, and gasolene. It may well be a literal *vade mecum*.

"Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties," by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell (L. C. Page & Co.), is written for those who can read it in immediate connection with the same journey, and admirably fulfils its purpose. From Shrewsbury, through North Wales, the Heart of Wales and South Wales to the Valley of the Wye, Mrs. Stawell is a pleasant and observant guide. The motor is not obtrusive and the historical and antiquarian information is clearly and often attractively presented. The general reader will miss a more interpretative estimate of landscape and associations, and will wish that a lurking wit and sentiment had been allowed to develop into distinction of style. But motorists who desire to learn of new tours will be fortunate in the uniformly good taste of this convenient guide book. The photographs used in illustration greatly enhance the brief descriptions of a charming country.

"The Statesman's Year Book" is well on the way toward middle age, the volume for 1909, which has just reached us, being the forty-sixth annual issue. With advancing years it has gathered increase of authority, but also a decided corpulence which the publishers have attempted to counteract by dispensing with the larger type used for a good deal of the explanatory text. By such heroic measures the book, 1,400 pages and more, has been kept down to the moderately chubby size which makes it so comfortable to handle. The ordinary reader will probably hasten to find what this standard British annual has to say on matters connected with the great question of the time, Great Britain versus Germany. A colored insert compares the growth of naval construction in the two countries. A table summarizing the finance and commerce of the principal nations is useful. One error, however, has crept in. When Germany is credited with a per capita revenue of about twelve dollars, as, for instance, against France's twenty dollars, it would seem as if the Kaiser's ministers were quite justified in declaring that the German people are among the most lightly taxed of the nations. The table should have stated that the revenue given is only the German Imperial revenue. Add to that the taxes imposed by the separate States, and the German taxpayer is by no means a subject for congratulation. Under Turkey we catch the evidently unrevised statement that "the will of the Sultan is absolute," etc. That is no longer so, as the text goes on to show. Under New York, the State census of 1905 is not referred to. These are, perhaps, minor blemishes in a handbook of very large and recognized usefulness.

"Qui Êtes-vous?" the French Who's Who for 1909-1910, comes to us from Lemcke & Buechner. We note that an appendix of some thirty-nine pages has been added, giving the regular biographical information about a number of *Étrangers*. This will add to the usefulness of the book. We must say, however, that continual reference to the preceding volume during the past year has shown that the list of home names does not do for France what "Wer Ist's" does for Germany and the two "Who's Whos" do for England and America. "Qui Êtes-vous?" should be enlarged to double its size by the inclusion of the many minor celebrities now omitted.

The standard set by the earlier volumes of "The Catholic Encyclopædia" (Robert Appleton Co.) is fully maintained in the present (fifth) volume. The fear has been expressed in many quarters that the controversy over Modernism might affect the work unfavorably, interfering with its scientific character and compelling the editors to give it a more exclusively traditional tone or to suspend publication. The fear has thus far proved groundless. Volume V, which, like its predecessors, carries the ecclesiastical *imprimatur*, continues to show the same breadth and fairness of treatment, and the same desire to make its readers acquainted with the results of the best modern scholarship. The article on the Old-Catholic Professor Doellinger, where if anywhere in a Roman Catholic dictionary the polemic spirit might be expected to manifest itself, is on the whole remarkably sympathetic and appreciative, though the author's own personal attitude on the issue raised by the Vatican Council is revealed clearly enough toward the close, when he says that Doellinger "weakly yielded to the pressure of those who were bent on apostasy"—a rather unhappy characterization of the motives of the men who could not accept the dogma of Papal infallibility! Among the more elaborate and notable articles are those on Discipline, Dispensation, Divorce, Dublin, Eastern Churches, Ecclesiastical Art, Education, England, and Egypt. Evolution is treated with intelligence, though the evolutionary hypothesis is rejected as not proven. The articles on early Christian writings are critical and fully up to date, as for instance the one on the Pseudo-Dionysius. The interesting article on Doctors gives a useful list of the titles applied to the mediæval Doctors in Theology—Acutus, Angelicus, Ecstaticus, Subtilis, etc., and that on Doctrine, which deals chiefly with the subject of catechetics, contains much convenient and valuable information concerning Roman Catholic catechisms. On the other hand the insertion of a portrait of the Philadelphia banker, F. A. Drexel, one of the few portraits in the volume, seems rather unnecessary, and is to be regretted as decidedly out of keeping with the dignity and general character of the work.

The Gibb Trustees have also undertaken the publication of Ibn Miskawayh's history, "The Book of the Vicissitudes of Nations and the Results of Efforts." The only known complete copy of this work was discovered in 1906 by Dr. Horovitz in the library of the mosque of St. Sophia, while making researches in the libraries of Constantinople on behalf of Leone Caetani, Principe di Teano. The manuscript has been reproduced in facsimile, and the first volume has now appeared (Leyden: Brill; London: Luzac), with a preface and a summary by the prince; this volume brings the history down to A. H. 37 (A. D. 658). Ibn Miskawayh (eleventh century of our era) is remarkable among Moslem writers for the almost modern character of his conception of historical writing. He regards it not, as his contemporaries do, as an undiscriminating citation of facts, legends, and gossip, but as an organic structure, whose details must be verified. He suppresses the legendary and the miraculous, passes briefly over Mohammed's prophetic mission, but gives the Sassanian history at length—this last fact is explained in part by his position as treasurer to the Persian Buwayhid Sultan Adud-ad-dawlah. A note gives what is known of the historian's life. The whole work is to comprise six volumes.

A. C. Hollis, to whom we owe an excellent book on the Masai, now gives us an equally excellent study of the Nandi (New York: Henry Frowde). These people, living in the British East African Protectorate, north of Lake Victoria, belong in a group of tribes that resemble one another in ideas and institutions, and differ markedly from the Bantu. The Nandi, formerly nomadic but now agricultural, appear to be clearly related to the Masai; a noteworthy fact is that the Nandi magicians are descended from a Masai clan. The principal magician is the supreme political head; the young warriors are organized as a separate body. Worship is paid to the sun and to the dead, and spirits good and bad are recognized; it is, however, a mistake to say (as our author does) that they have a supreme deity and a "devil." Circumcision is performed on both sexes. Sexual license prevails before marriage, but after marriage the relations between the sexes are carefully guarded. Mr. Hollis gives a number of myths, folk-tales, and proverbs, and a full sketch of the grammar; the most noticeable morphological feature is the elaborate structure of the verb, in which distinctions of time are clearly expressed. Sir Charles Eliot, the well-known traveller and student of Oriental peoples, contributes an introduction, in which he discusses the institutions of the Nandi and the related tribes, with a comparative study of the languages of a considerable group—an interesting contribution to the linguistic history of this little-known region. The question of the possible Semitic origin of the Nandi has been raised; Sir Charles properly holds that the available evidence does not favor the supposition of such an origin. In fact, the character of the verb-forms is distinctly non-Semitic. Mr. Hollis does not offer his work as exhaustive, and it is to be hoped that he will continue his investigations.

It is worth while recalling the existence and indicating the progress of the giant "Bibliographie des travaux historiques et archéologiques publiés par les Sociétés Savantes de la France," prepared under government auspices by Robert de Lasteyrie of the Institut, with the aid of Alexandre Vidier, sub-librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The third fascicle (Nos. 95,413 to 100,817) of the fifth volume has appeared (double-column, pages 401 to 600, Leroux). The eighteenth series (Fiches, 1701 to 1800) of the "Répertoire bibliographique des sciences mathématiques" is also published (Gauthiers-Villars).

"L'Année internationale—politique—ouvrière," by F. Challaye, P. G. La Chesnais, and A. Thomas, begins its first year with 1908 (Pages Libres). The nineteenth year (1908) of "L'Année philosophique" is still directed by F. Pillon, its founder, along

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with Renouvier. Besides the valuable French philosophical bibliography of the year, it contains four essays (Alcan). Dr. Georges Bohn publishes in a compact volume "La Naissance de l'intelligence" (Flammarion), with forty figures to illustrate the text from the natural science to which philosophy now stoops.

H. Ollion, professor at Lyons, gives a small volume to "Notes sur la correspondance de John Locke," with thirty-two unpublished letters of the English philosopher to Thoynard, written during the years 1678 to 1681 (A. Picard et fils). Georges Deherme, who has shown original thought in his sociological experiments, has written a book with a strong personal flavor, "Auguste Comte et son œuvre" (Giard).

Paul Mantoux, who has already published scientific studies of English social organization, in "À travers l'Angleterre contemporaine," treats of English opinion and the South African war, the organization of the Labor party, and political evolution (Alcan).

The Fratelli Treves of Milan publish a series of essays by Prof. Luigi Luzzatti of the House of Députies entitled "Libertà di Coscienza e di Scienza," which, while examining the relations between church and state, historically and constitutionally, reflect the attitude of the most liberal minds in Italy alike towards clericalism and anti-clericalism, "the product of the same moral deformity, intolerance," and at the same time reveal the attitude of the leaders in church, government, and anti-clerical circles towards these minds.

The death, in his fifty-seventh year, is announced of John Joseph Jennings, a well-known newspaper man of St. Louis and New York. He has to his credit two books: "Theatrical and Circus Life" (1882) and "Widow Magoogin" (1900).

Clement Lawrence Smith, professor of Latin at Harvard from 1883 to 1904, and dean of the college from 1882 to 1891, has died in Cambridge, Mass., at the age of sixty-five. He graduated at Haverford College in 1860 and taught at that college before going to Göttingen. On returning from Germany he held the position of professor of Greek and German in Swarthmore College for one year, and then, in 1870, went to Harvard as tutor of Latin. Besides contributions to philological journals, his chief publication was an edition of the "Odes and Epodes of Horace."

Henry Hardwicke, formerly a leading criminal lawyer of New York, has died at the age of forty-seven. He wrote five books : "The Art of Winning Cases," "The Art of Living Long and Happily," "History of Oratory and Orators," "The Art of Rising in the World," and "The Art of Getting Rich."

The death is announced of Learmont Drysdale in his forty-third year. Mr. Drysdale, who belonged to the younger school of Scottish composers, was head professor of composition in the Glasgow Athenæum School of Music. He first came into prominence by winning a prize of thirty guineas for his overture "Tam o' Shanter." At the time of his death he had practically completed the score of a grand opera for which the Duke of Argyll had written the libretto.

The death is reported, in his fifty-third year, of Giuseppe Martucci, director of the Royal Conservatory in Naples since 1902. He wrote two symphonies, a number of pianoforte concertos, and much chamber music.

OUR WATERWAYS.

The Great Lakes: The Vessels that Plough Them; Their Owners, Their Sailors and Their Cargoes, together with a Brief History of Our Inland Seas. By James Oliver Curwood. 72 illustrations and a map. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Story of the Great Lakes. By Edward Channing, Professor of History in Harvard University, and Marion Florence Lansing, Editor of the "Open Road Library." With maps and illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Old Times on the Upper Mississippi: The Recollections of a Steamboat Pilot from 1854 to 1863. By George Byron Merrick. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Curwood's volume belongs to the American Waterways Series, the scope of which has been indicated by previous reviews in these columns. The facts of the lake freight traffic which he has here presented are doubtless in great part new to most Americans possessing no immediate financial interest in the subject, and are of unquestionable value to students who wish an accurate grasp of the main features of our present material development, and of its probable trend in the future. The more unconcerned reader, however, may be pardoned for tiring a little of the insistence with which the material magnitude of everything connected with the Great Lakes is thrust upon him by the author, who seems deliberately to prefer the tone of the professional promoter. One is continually meeting the city where in 1907 "was built more tonnage than in any other city of the United States," the "richest country on the face of the earth," the "greatest freight traffic road in existence," the "greatest waterway of commerce in the world," until even the adult head is in a whirl comparable only to that of the boy on his first visit to the wonderland of a Barnum and Bailey. The boy who starts down at the bottom and rises to do things is much in evidence—the two who began in overalls and grease, pulling and heaving with common laborers until they stand to-day "monuments to courage and ambition, the earth's two greatest builders of ships"; the poor ten-hour-a-day mechanic of a few years since, "whose word is now law in the directing of more than a hundred vessels, the greatest fleet in the world"; the president of five steamship companies who began as a messenger-boy at Lansing, Michigan, "with just two assets: his clothes and his ambition"—and many another. One could wish that there had been less insistence upon such matters as these and somewhat more of detailed description of the methods by which some of the results of our lake traffic are secured. The pen and camera together might have given, for instance, a fairly complete and clear idea of the development of loading and unloading devices, a triumph of mechanical ingenuity, the extent and importance of which is one of the first things to impress itself upon the mind of the traveller on lake waters.

The pages given by Mr. Curwood to the earlier history of the lake region are too hurried and subordinate to bear comparison with the second volume before us, in which the historical motive is, of course, foremost. Professor Channing divides his work into three parts: Discovery and Exploration, the Struggle for Possession, and Occupation and Development; in the last of which we get in more subdued light the main features of that material growth to which Mr. Curwood's volume is devoted. The main features of the story have been often told, but the grouping of the facts about the great bodies of water which so often gave them their character had never been systematically done, and was well worth the doing. Many readers who have already made the discovery that a number of statesmen of high ability and usefulness were thrown into undeserved obscurity by the brilliant light of the Websters and Clays of the first half of the last century, will appreciate the justice done in this volume to the services of Lewis Cass, as Governor of the Michigan territory during the critical years subsequent to the War of 1812. Though born in New Hampshire, Cass was a frontiersman by early training, and held the first certificate of admission to the bar granted by the new State of Ohio, dated in 1802. He knew the Indians, and in his dealings with them never lost that sense of justice which so many apparently regard as applicable only to men of like skin. Many treaties were negotiated by him during this period of reorganization, always with insistence upon three points: The chiefs should understand fully the purport of the treaties to which their assent was asked; concessions received from them should in all cases have fair remuneration, and the agreements entered into should be faithfully kept by both sides. "The flag that he carried into the lake region remained during his administration the symbol of justice and honor, and won the respect of all."

Mr. Merrick's title, "Old Times on the Mississippi," naturally suggests the somewhat random character of the chapters over which it stands. But even random observations are worth while if the observer knows what to look at; and a river pilot of the old days had perforce to train his eyes to catch what

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was really significant. His experience at the wheel lasted less than ten years, but it came when the development of railway building had not as yet cut deeply into the rich profits which the business of steamboating drew from the rapid occupation of the lands of the river valleys of the Middle West, nor had the spice of variety and danger been removed by the clearing of snags and wrecks, the dredging of bars, the straightening of channels, the maintenance of lights, and other aids devised by a generation of experience in river improvement at government expense. Mr. Merrick, therefore, has many a story of absorbing interest to tell, and he does not hesitate occasionally to put into four or five pages material which a more practised hand and a keener eye for the market would have been tempted to expand into twenty. It is a good book for any one to pick up for a half-hour of recreation, but it is still more than that to any reader who would realize the life of our Western rivers a half-century ago, when mere human ingenuity, without scientific training, was meeting and mastering a class of problems of enormous difficulty, now removed and all but forgotten.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Romance of a Plain Man. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The story of this book needs a special charm to make one overlook its triteness—to forget would be impossible. In brief, it is the rise of a man who works up from absolute destitution to spectacular wealth, and marries a girl of refinement and high social position. Her family in outraged pride disown her, and her husband, pursuing the Business to the neglect of the Dream, drives her in loneliness to lean almost to scandal on the tender consideration of a rejected but constant lover. The husband is ruined, and falls ill; Sally does fine laundering to maintain the family, and there is a brief interlude devoted to the Dream. But with Ben's returning to strength, the Business regains the ascendency, and he recovers his fortune only to find at last that he has tried Sally's faithful heart too far, and that her sweet and dutiful affection can never be rekindled even by the sacrifice of his ultimate ambition, which, knowing this, he makes silently, in expiation, not in hope.

As with the greater number of Miss Glasgow's books, the plot is only a thread whereon are held up for our delectation single characters as carefully and intricately cut as Chinese beads. There is a fine distinction in the brief but suggestive picture of the hero's mother; in the more exhaustive presentation of the General, the "gay old bird," all whose faults cannot wholly belittle his inner greatness; and of those two gentle daughters of Pooh Bah, the conservative Miss Mitty and the radical Miss Matoaca, united only by sisterly love and "family pride." Miss Matoaca indeed impinges sensibly upon the issues of to-day. As she marches with her suffragist banner, "her eyes on the sky and her feet in the dust," one is reminded of modern instances of the pathetic incongruity of the real with the ideal; while in the General's naïve outburst, "I tell you there's not a woman alive that ain't happier with a bad husband than with none at all. What business has a lady got with a view anyway?"—one catches the crude essence of the spirit that, homœopathically, to be sure, is still prescribed for the health of the body social. The plain man himself is so living and human that one involuntarily compares him with other figures of fiction. The story as a whole has a haunting flavor of "Lewis Rand," and readers of the two books will find it an interesting diversion to note the startlingly frequent points of similarity. The resemblance, however, is kept well this side of the danger-line by the subtle individuality of the writer, which invests the most hackneyed themes with a touch of her own originality.

Stickeen. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

We have had no American "nature-writer" of quite the quality which has distinguished that indomitable patriarch of the wilderness, John Muir. Mr. Burroughs is of the farm, the domesticated countryside; he is the balladist, as Bradford Torrey may be called the sonneteer, of wild life in the dooryard. Thoreau at his most savage was within hail of the pencil-market and his mother's kitchen-garden. Professor Van Dyke has studied the desert wastes as he has studied pictures or economic conditions—as a series of interesting, even exciting, phenomena, worth the consideration of sensitive and sophisticated town-dwellers. But John Muir, with a full equipment of city lore, has written in terms of home-felt enthusiasm about the wilderness, that stupendous far-western wilderness, which is (to so many whose daily walk hugs the Eastern seaboard, and whose daily gaze turns instinctively yet farther eastward) but the shadow of a name.

This little story of a man, a dog, a storm, and a glacier, is full of the glamour that belongs to the heroic-in-little. Hop o' my Thumb was a great boy because he was such a little one; and Stickeen, the least and most nondescript of all dog-kind, triumphs for similar cause. And yet far more than that: Stickeen is a tiny but vital atom pitted against a vast conspiracy of inorganic forces. He recognizes the odds, yet, at the summons of his fellow-atom, man, dares the impossible—and wins. There is an epical suggestion in this, as in other episodes recounted by Mr. Muir, which reduces to their right proportions, for the moment at least, those anecdotes of street, shop, or parlor with which our magazines, and daily lives, are filled.

Young Nemesis. By Frank T. Bullen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Bullen is straying further and further from the excellence which Kipling discerned in "The Cruise of the Cachalot," and which a large audience recognized in one or two later books. His early catches were excellent, and to all appearances he is now able to dispose of pretty much anything that happens to find its way into his net, seaweed, rubbish, and all. The number of his books has already passed the score, and it must be confessed that most of the later ones are pretty bad—none quite so bad, perhaps, as the latest of all.

"Young Nemesis" is a really ludicrous performance; a tract aimed at that pirate-worship which is implanted in all normal youthful breasts. Mr. Bullen has taken it into his head that the world is laboring under a damnable delusion with regard to the real nature of pirates, and here sets himself to demolish those false idols. Piracy is a monster of frightful mien, and he proposes to picture it to us down to the last horrid lineament. The result is one of the most bloodthirsty books on record, which we cheerfully recommend to all good lovers of pirate lore. But, of course, there needs no able writer to invest such villany with glamour. We greatly prefer the pirates in this book to the young prig of an avenger whom Mr. Bullen has set up against them, and we do not see why it is not more fun to be bloodthirsty at the expense of virtue than of vice, which is sadly remote from the lives of most of us. If details like the Ten Commandments are going to be considered, Mr. Bullen might as well take our giants and our ogres away from us, and be done with it.

Salvator. By Percival Gibbon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Arms and the Man, Mr. Gibbon sings; a man's life flung into the bottomless pit of devotion to a chimera. Salvator, the hero, is a gallant, vividly colored figure against the background of plain, honest, common-sense people who seem somehow hopelessly stodgy and self-centred by contrast with the fanatical idealist. He is bent upon the regeneration of Mozambique, and to this visionary life-work he sacrifices his love for an English girl—a part of the Background aforesaid—and finally his

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life as well, for he is shot by a traitor in the moment when his revolution is declared. As a story of adventure the book would be commonplace and lacking in artistic finish; but its appeal goes below the surface. The writer has wisely kept his central idea so prominent that the eternal strife of the ideal and the practically expedient dwarfs the mere narrative. Reason admits the unanswerable character of all the solid arguments of the Background, and yet—where would this world be now without the flaming efforts of those divine fools who have filled up so many quagmires by what seemed the useless throwing away of life?

Poetical Works of Giles and Phineas Fletcher. Edited by Frederick S. Boas. Vol. II (Cambridge English Classics). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

This second volume contains an exact reprint of the poems, original or translated, of Phineas Fletcher, which appeared in or after the year 1633, together with "Brittain's Ida," first published in 1628. The earlier work of Phineas, together with all the poems of Giles, made up the first volume. It is unnecessary to repeat the commendation of Mr. Boas's care in carrying through this difficult task. How needful such care was any one may learn for himself by comparing a few pages of "The Purple Island" in the present volume with the text of that poem as printed by Grosart. Our commendation of the editor's labor is the warmer for a reason which Mr. Boas would probably repudiate—that it is expended on one of the most unrewarding poems of the language. Phineas evidently thought himself, as indeed he was called by Francis Quarles, "the Spencer of this age"; and in so far as he possessed to an exaggerated degree all the faults of his model, the characterization is just. It would be a fairly amusing diversion to compare "The Purple Island" with "The Faerie Queene," II, ix, of which it is a monstrous expansion, so to speak, and show how Spenser's passion for allegory, which only his great genius could save from tedium, becomes in Fletcher's hands not only tedious but endlessly absurd; and how, not content with rendering Spenser's allegory grotesque, he must lug in a would-be Spenserian pastoral theme with which the allegory has no natural connection. It is well to speak the truth bluntly about "The Purple Island," for since Lamb's day an utterly false value has been attached to the productions of the minor Elizabethans, or Jacobeans—among them to this dreariest work of the Fletchers. As a matter of fact, if Phineas is ever great, it is not when he is imitating Spenser, but, as it were, preluding Milton. His true genius lay not in suavity or beauty, but in a kind of impulsive crude sublimity. There are passages in "The Apollyonists" which must have been in the mind of the author of "Paradise Lost" when he portrayed the rebel Satan, and which possess an indisputable, if formless, grandeur of their own.

The total absence of warm beauty and genuine sensuous charm from Phineas Fletcher's work makes it difficult to follow Mr. Boas in attributing to him "Brittain's Ida," which is included in this volume. That poem, it is well known, was published in 1628 as a posthumous work of Spenser's. In 1762, Thomas Warton, in his "Observations on the Fairy Queen," after rejecting Spenser's authorship on internal grounds, observed that "It's (*sic*) manner is like that of Fletcher's 'Purple Island.'" This conjecture was taken up by others, particularly by Grosart, but has of late years not found general favor. Mr. Boas now attempts to confirm it by the comparison of a number of lines in "Brittain's Ida" with passages from the undoubted poems of Phineas. As for Warton's suggestion, any one who can see a similarity of manner in "The Purple Island" and "Brittain's Ida" has a sharpness of vision to which the present reviewer lays no claim. "Brittain's Ida" is a copy of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," whose theme it takes, with a sensuous charm, rather pale, but very genuine, which to the rich glow of Shakespeare is as the moon to the sun. Of charm or appeal to the senses, there is nothing in "The Purple Island," and but the faintest glimmer, or semblance, in the other poems of Phineas, whose theme would naturally lead to such qualities. The verbal parallels pointed out by Mr. Boas, if they mean anything, would indicate, not identity of authorship, but that Phineas thought "Brittain's Ida" to be Spenser's, and borrowed language from it for his amorous poems as he had borrowed images, and even words, from "The Faerie Queene" for his allegorical "Purple Island." The parallel passages noted by Mr. Boas could not, in the judgment of the present reviewer, have been written by the same man. To take an example, Mr. Boas quotes from the "Piscatorie Eclogues" of Phineas:

So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night:
Her shining forehead *Dian's* silver light:
Her eyes the starres; their influence delight:
Her voice the sphears; her cheek *Aurora* bright:
Her breast the globes, where heav'ns path milkie-white
Runnes 'twixt those hills: her hand (*Arions* touch)
As much delights the eye, the eare as much.
Such is my Love, that, but my Love, was never such——

and asks us to believe that these halting lines were composed by the poet who made this stanza of "Brittain's Ida":

Her spacious fore-head like the clearest Moone,
Whose full-growne Orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide roome to beauties Regiment,
Which on the plaine with love tryumphing went:
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which with their dainty threds oft times enlaced,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold inchased.

It is extremely doubtful whether "Brittain's Ida" was really the work of Spenser; from the comparison of two such stanzas as those here quoted it seems to be not at all doubtful that it was the work of a better poet than Phineas Fletcher.

The Love Affairs of Napoleon. Translated from the French of Joseph Turquan, by J. Lewis May, with numerous portraits. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

A Favorite of Napoleon: Memoirs of Mademoiselle George. Edited from the original manuscript. By Paul Cheramy. New York: The John McBride Co. $2.50 net.

Like the other books of the author on the women of the Empire and the Restoration, "The Love Affairs of Napoleon" has not the slightest claim to original research. It tells us nothing new, is evidently composed of memoirs of the period, extracts from pamphlets, and stories of scandalous episodes, for several of which M. Turquan does not advance any authority. But the work is decidedly interesting. Several of the anecdotes, and the book is fairly stuffed with them, will find an excuse for their presentation, in spite of their sadly unedifying details, in the light they shed, not only on the social turpitude of the time, but on certain political events. In the pages of M. Turquan, the men and women who surrounded Napoleon are depicted as unspeakably coarse and brutal, with none of the grace and elegance which, in the opinion of the famous Irish orator, palliated the immoral excesses of the ancient régime.

Perhaps the most amusing chapters in the volume are those which treat of Napoleon's relations to Josephine before and after their marriage. It has been said, with some truth, that the Bonapartes belonged to the Renaissance in their morals, views of life, and indifference to all the proprieties. The brothers and sisters of Napoleon, especially the sisters, are shown by M. Turquan to have been as sublimely indifferent to personal morality as were the deities of Olympus. But Napoleon, in his earlier years, loved Josephine with

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an affection that was almost disinterested and that lasted for years, in spite of her extravagance, frivolity, and numerous infidelities. There is something pathetic, as well as comical, in the narrative of his courtship of the Beauharnais. The eagle-eyed warrior, the future despot, shows himself on this occasion as weak as a schoolboy. The whole affair is an illustration of the cynical maxim that in love, there is one who loves and one who consents to be loved. Josephine consented to be loved, and she made no secret of the fact among her intimates that her youthful suitor was perfectly indifferent to her, and that she married him in the hope of being relieved from her monetary embarrassments. Then when the divorce came, her anger and despair passed all bounds. There is no doubt that she began to experience at this period as strong a passion for Napoleon as that with which she had once inspired him. Some moralist has said that women really love only those who ill-treat them.

One conclusion the reader will deduce from the work of M. Turquan, namely, that not a single one of the women to whom this Corsican sultan deigned to throw the handkerchief had the slightest affection for him—though we fancy that the author might have excepted Madame Walewska and Mademoiselle George from the list. And they were all false to him—Marie Louise and Josephine and all.

M. Cheramy, the grave and venerable president of the Society of the Solicitors of Paris, has deemed it necessary to defend in a long preface his actions in publishing the memoirs of an actress like Mlle. George. The gist of the whole explanation amounts simply to this: In the days when George IV was king, or when Plancus was consul, M. Cheramy was very fond of frequenting the society of actors and actresses; now that he is retiring from public life, he is returning to his *premiers amours*. But no apology was necessary. M. Cheramy is a Frenchman, and a Frenchman never grows old.

Mlle. Weymer, who assumed the name of Mlle. George, was born in 1787. Her father led a little wandering troupe of actors through the French villages, and was, in fact, what we would call a barnstormer. His daughter must have been a precocious young person, for she played comedy, vaudeville, and tragedy at the age of five. She grew up a marvellous beauty, to which circumstance, rather than to her talent, she owed her engagement at the Comédie-Française, when barely sixteen. The next day, the consul saw her, and invited her to a supper at the Tuileries. The liaison lasted from 1802 to 1808. Her memoirs certainly reveal the Emperor in a sympathetic aspect. If we are to believe them, Bonaparte was a tender and thoughtful lover. But like many of her class, she was very good-natured, not vindictive at all, and utterly free from malice. Subsequently, she had a multitude of ardent wooers, embracing kings, princes, authors, diplomats, and even a bishop, Talleyrand. The last of her lovers seems to have been Victor Hugo. M. Cheramy is inclined to consider her at heart a virtuous woman. He contrasts her tranquil and kindly nature with the frenzied and passionate transports of that other lover of Victor Hugo, Marie Dorval, whose correspondence he intends publishing.

Science.

Birds of the World. By Dr. Frank H. Knowlton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $7 net.

This is the third volume thus far published in Group I of the American Nature Series, the others being Jordan's "Fishes" and Kellogg's "Insects." The predecessors set a very high standard of excellence, which we are glad to see has been well sustained by the present publication. Dr. Knowlton is a palæobotanist in the United States National Museum, so that his success in this ambitious venture into ornithological work is all the more remarkable. He has had the assistance of two well-known ornithologists, Dr. F. A. Lucas, who has contributed a short but able chapter on the anatomy of birds, and Prof. Robert Ridgway, who has acted as general editor of the whole manuscript.

In a single volume of 873 pages the author has succeeded in setting forth in non-technical language the salient facts regarding the birds of the world. Such an undertaking by a naturalist to-day is, of course, largely a matter of compilation. Careful search through the pages shows that Dr. Knowlton has scanned a vast mass of literature and has shown good judgment in the selection of quotations. For example, in the two pages devoted to that strange reptile-like bird, the Hoactzin, we have, first, a well-worded general description of the plumage and structural peculiarities of the bird. Then comes a paragraph from Newton in the "Dictionary of Birds" concerning the remarkable crop, and then long quotations from the "Ibis" by Quelch and from a "National Museum Depot" by Lucas, treating of habits and general ecology. A final paragraph relates to the various opinions of Huxley, Sharpe, and Gadow as to the relationships of this strange creature. The frank way of using direct quotations is admirable.

The general method of arrangement is the conventional one. Five preliminary chapters treat respectively of Birds in General, Anatomy, Geographical Distribution, Migrations, and Classification. These are full, well-balanced accounts, embodying the most recent results obtained by ornithologists. The remaining twenty-one chapters are devoted each to a single order of birds, this treatment making the chapters of very unequal length. The chapter on the elephant-birds (Æpyornithiformes) occupies only two pages, while that on the Passeriformes covers 244 pages. The lowest unit of classification to be covered in detail is the Family; all known groups of this rank being included. Below this, especially in the larger assemblages, only the more typical genera and species are mentioned or described. The Families are marked by sub-headings, and the representative birds by black-faced paragraph titles.

The classification adopted is essentially that of Professor Gadow, modified by the more recent investigations of other ornithologists. Their influence may be illustrated by the rejection of the sub-class Ratitæ, and by the change of name of the genus of our American robin, from Merula to Planesticus. It is scarcely worth while to criticise any linear classification, the necessary sequence of groups written one after another rendering the relationships misleading and erroneous. But it is the best we can devise for written use until some one invents a genealogical diagram utilizing all three planes of space.

A review of the main body of facts shows that the author is conservative in all mooted problems. Both sides of a question are presented, and the more plausible solution is suggested. Beyond this he does not go, as he is avowedly not writing for the advanced ornithologist, but for the average intelligent student of birds who desires general information.

The proof reading and editing have been carefully done, and errors are chiefly those accepted in compilation. For example, on page 337, as regards the South American Trumpeter; the bird does *not* call with its bill widely open; the females *also* share the trumpeting ability; the nest is *not* placed on the ground, and the eggs are *not* bright green. But errors of this sort show only how much we need real field observations on birds. The author, by occasionally admitting our ignorance, stimulates observation on the part of bird students, as, for instance, in the chapter on Migration, where he confesses that the cause of this world-wide phenomenon "still remains without a wholly satisfactory answer." And again, "it may be acknowledged that we do not yet know the winter home of our Chimney Swift, Bank Swallow, and Cliff Swallow."

The black and white illustrations number 236, and with few exceptions are old friends, taken from well-known English, German, and Dutch works. Their average of excellence is rather low, and we could have wished for a new set by some modern artist. The

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sixteen colored plates partly make up for this lack. They are from paintings by Miss Mary M. Mitchell of Washington, and are unusually true to life. The surroundings are carefully chosen, and minute attention has been devoted even to the selection of appropriate plants. Thus in the frontispiece, representing the Resplendent Trogon, we have as a background a Mexican composite flower, and the ruin of an Aztec conventional carving of this bird, the deified Quezal of that ancient nation.

A copius index of both common and scientific names adds much value to the work. The most serious drawback to the book is its unwieldy size and its weight of seven and a half pounds.

"A Little Maryland Garden," by Helen Ashe Hays (G. P. Putnam's Sons)), is a chatty and confidential book, well worth reading. When to its charm of style is added that of drawings in neutral tints, and a few remarkably fine illustrations in color, one can see that here is a garden-book above the average. Of course, the reader does not expect to get from the amateur horticulturist much information which is not presented formally in the standard treatises, but he is sure to get some good hints as to what to avoid. It has been asserted, apparently with truth, that the rapid advance in photography has been largely due to the work of amateurs. This class of enthusiasts can always be found ready to try costly experiments and to break over and through conventionalities: whereas the professionals do not care to take great risks. In gardening much the same holds good. New methods are constantly tried either through design or happy accident, and the results are made known without reserve. The writer of these pleasing chapters had known the glories of sky and the profusion of bloom in California, and she brought to her little garden in the East a strong love for many plants, together with numerous dislikes, and even marked antipathies. Columbines are on the black list, although the author had often seen their brilliant colors in the cañons. The pea-shaped flowers of small size are in the same class of unloved blossoms, although she admits the larger sweet-peas to some favor. And wistaria, as well as yellow broom, are tolerated. Coleus she "detests." And ampelopsis is also under the ban. It is always a pleasure when we find that our likes and dislikes are shared by someone who dares to speak out. This writer takes one into her confidence and offers a wide range of choice as to likable and unlikable things. And if sometimes we cannot agree with her preferences, or may even think them unreasonable, at least the statement of her case is generally well put. It is to be noted also that she is one who delights to work with her own hands, and thus has a claim on the sympathy of a large and increasing group of true garden lovers. A curious effect is produced on the printed page by the bold rejection of capitals for generic names: thus hemerocallis, montbretia, tigridia, and forsythia present almost an unclad appearance without their usual large initials; but if this is a step in the direction of employing these words as common names, no good objection can be urged.

The "Absorption Spectra of Solutions," by H. C. Jones and J. A. Anderson (The Carnegie Institution), is a continuation of Professor Jones's work on absorption spectra, which appeared as No. 60 of the Carnegie Publications. It gives results for about 1,200 new and different solutions. Besides publishing the maps of the spectra, an analysis of the bands has been undertaken for the purpose of comparison with Beer's law. This law states that in a simple solution the absorption of light of a given wave-length would be simply proportional to the number of absorbers in the path of the light. The authors find many confirmations of the law, but there are numerous exceptions to be accounted for. For example, in spite of the large amount of work on solutions of cobalt chloride, no adequate explanation of its absorption spectrum is known. In this work, the authors also find an unexpected effect in the appearance of new lines when a little water is added to certain non-aqueous solutions. This fact apparently opens up the question whether a salt forms a compound with the solvent.

"L'Amérique précolombienne" (Rudeval), by Alphonse Gagnon, is a serious essay on origins of civilization in our side of the world (376 pages, 55 illustrations in text). Lieut. Lucien Marc of the Colonial Infantry, in "Le pays Mossi" (Larose), gives one of those geographical reports for which we are indebted to official expeditions of the French in their new colonial empire. It deals with the country and peoples of that central part of Africa which is in the neighborhood of the Niger curve. The book is illustrated from sketches and photographs taken on the spot.

Dr. Daniel John Cunningham, professor of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh since 1903, and dean of the Medical Faculty, has died at the age of forty-nine. His published works include: "Manual of Practical Anatomy," "Monograph on the Marsupials (Challenger Reports)," "Two Cunningham Memoirs in the Royal Irish Academy," "The Microcephalic Brain," and "The Anatomy of Hernia" (with Prof. E. H. Bennett).

Art.

ART EXPERTS ON THE DEFENSIVE.

No lawyer and no judge, we fear, respects the expert witness. His follies and less pardonable vagaries are well understood. But the art expert has on the whole managed to maintain the mystery and dignity of his high calling. We depend on him to tell us when pictures were painted, for example, and who painted them. Your more skeptical collector will buy no work of art without a written guarantee signed and attested by some well-known authority. Even such reactionaries as the gallery directors admit grudgingly to their catalogues the more plausible pronouncements of this pontificate. Yes, the times are distinctly for the art expert.

And yet the other day the profession got a knock that sets the plain man to thinking very hard. In the gallery of Cologne and elsewhere exist a certain number of old pictures, unduly pretty, inconsequential as art, but much extolled by German criticism as the evidences of a strong and independent school of painting on the Lower Rhine. Because documents prove that a certain Meister Wilhelm lived at Cologne towards the end of the fourteenth century, these pictures have been arbitrarily ascribed to him. Well, it turns out that these panels were one and all fraudulently repainted early in the nineteenth century. The restorer had ideas of his own. He not merely improved upon his archaic originals when professing to rejuvenate them, but when the restoration of an intricate bit of decorative background was called for, he took the easier way of painting in his own figures to conceal the damage. What a hundred treatises have with greater or less laudation set down to "Meister Wilhelm," turns out to be the work of a journeyman restorer, whose name even escapes us. Fortunately these repaints are being removed, and under the skilful fingers of Herr Fridt is reappearing the fine old work that was ruthlessly travestied some hundred years ago.

All's well that ends well, but what shall we think of the expertise that consecrated this vandalism, gave it credit as art, found in it the sources of German painting? Can we trust anything any of the experts say until the restorers have gone over all the pictures in all the galleries? As for the plain man, how shall he feel comfortable in any enthusiasm, until he knows what he is looking at? Of what avail are the itinerant interpreter and the very best of stereopticians until we are freed of the horrid doubt that all this rhetoric may apply to the work of some painter chap who flourished yesterday and probably belonged to a union? What's the use, in short, of the expert, and of what possible value can be his judgments?

If the average man argues thus, no one may blame him. And if expertism is for a while put on the defensive, no one need be surprised. Only good will come of a general testing of the accepted theories. But some one will say this was not a question of theory, but of fact. We understand that theories may lead into a realm of moonshine, but an expert is supposed to know whether a painting was done a hundred years ago or four hundred. Well, if all of art criticism and expertise were of a piece with this "Meister Wilhelm" business, we should be quite justified in dismissing the self-styled expert to the limbo of the astrologer and alchemist. But, as a matter of fact, "Meister Wilhelm" is a

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very special case, involving many possibilities of illusion that rarely enter into expert judgments.

In the first place, this mare's nest was "made in Germany." Next, it was made when Germany was at her silliest, namely, during the Romantic movement. Accordingly, nearly all the writers on the subject have been consciously or unconsciously dealing, not in art history, but in patriotism. It became a national article of faith to extol the ancient Wilhelm, the predecessor of the Van Eycks. A German critic was as little inclined to inspect injudiciously these panels of the early Cologne School as a devout believer is to challenge the articles of his creed. English, French, and Italian critics have given but casual attention to this mythical master, and it is fair to say that they have seldom accorded him high praise as an artist. Foreign criticism, that is, while depending too indolently upon the Germans for the facts, does not seem to have been far off in its æsthetic judgments. To the credit of the Germans it should be said that they are now destroying "Meister Wilhelm" as unflinchingly as they invented him lightheartedly.

Where personal or patriotic fallacies enter, no expert, and for that matter, no scholar of any sort can be trusted. In our times an obvious forgery of Leonardo da Vinci has passed a number of the greatest specialists, for no better reason than because it once belonged to the critic Giovanni Morelli. Every judgment into which such motives enter is suspect. Perhaps an overhauling of recent art criticism would reveal other cases as absurd as that of Cologne. Yet such a revision would not be a demolition. Happily, the chief results of art historical research are not infected by these sentimentalisms. We may measurably trust the expert when he puts himself seriously in contact with the facts. What we have to fear is some intervening emotion that makes him judge before he really sees. Scholarship implies the elimination of these disquieting idols, and as a scholar the art expert is neither more nor less fallible than the biologist or the historian. The plain man must take the same precautions in every case.

But "Meister Wilhelm," what trouble he has made! If he could have stayed home; but no. Again and again Italian scholars, misled by a sort of generalized prettiness in Meister Wilhelm, have speculated on possible relations between the Cologne School and that of northern Italy. Could Pisanello have been influenced by Meister Wilhelm? Gentile da Fabriano? In the light of recent revelations, evidently not. But the painter who disfigured the old panels of the Canon Wallraf collection, may well have been at Paris, where Napoleon had gathered in Pisanello and eke Gentile. This hint mere journalism gives to art history for what it is worth.

It is not pleasant to have to condemn a book on art by an emeritus professor of the history and criticism of art at Yale University, but we can find little to praise in D. Cady Eaton's "Handbook of Modern French Painting." It gives, indeed, a good deal of information in a handy form, but the text is so carelessly printed as to deprive this information of much of its value. What, for instance, is one to make of the statement that, "according to Diderot," who died in 1784, "Constable's pictures, exhibited in Paris in 1824, produced great excitement," or the other that Raphael Collin was born in 1885 and received a medal of the second class in 1873? Of Professor Eaton's criticism it might be enough to say that he considers Gérard and Horace Vernet among "the greatest of French artists," that he has little sympathy with Ingres, that he prefers Breton to Millet, and is evidently inclined to think Corot the inventor of "an unnatural style that captured the careless eye of the public," which "he worked out fully to the satisfaction of his pocket." One specimen of what the publishers call "illuminating criticism" we will, however, give in full—a well marked, but by no means exceptional, type of his style of comment. Of Lefebvre's "Truth," holding aloft her immemorial symbol, the mirror, he discourses as follows:

> His Vérité has not the ideal grace or poetic beauty of some of his other subjects. She is a nude woman of ample proportions and life-size, standing upright in the bottom of her well. Her right arm, stretched straight up, holds a gleaming incandescent globe. With her left hand she holds the rope with which she ascends and descends. The rope is realistic; the electric globe is very modern; the well looks damp and uncomfortable.

That is all; and anything further on our part is surely unnecessary.

An exceptionally valuable work has been published by Karl W. Hiersemann, Leipzig, entitled "Altorientalisch Teppiche," a continuation on a large scale of the work under the same title which appeared from 1892 to 1896 under the auspices of the Vienna Museum of Art and Industry. The work appears in twenty-five richly colored folio plates, with a descriptive text in German, English, and French. The editor is A. von Scala; the introduction is written by Wilhelm Bode; and the text is by Friedrich Sarre. The edition is limited to 370 numbered copies. The Austrian Cultus Ministerium has granted a liberal sum to defray the expense of publication.

The *Anthropos* brings intelligence of a remarkable discovery, made in the garden of the Trappist monastery in Durban, Natal, recently. This is a bronze coin, yellow in color and containing four Hebrew words, two on each side, these together reading: "Fourth year of the Delivery of Zion," which is by specialists considered as referring to the delivery of Jerusalem by Judas Maccabæus (143-136 B.C.). Similar coins have been found before, but this is the first ever to turn up in Africa. Anthropos declares that two things are facts: (1.) that the coin must have found its way to Natal by sea; and (2.) that its discovery throws an entirely new light on the vexed question as to the origin of the great field of ruins in South Africa. It will be remembered that not a few archæologists now insist that the gold land of Ophir, to which Solomon sent his fleets, was in Southern Africa.

Finance.

The Fourth was flanked by holidays on Saturday and Monday, and the calm surface of the market was hardly marked by a ripple for the week past. The only real exception to the ruling apathy was cotton. The government report of the average condition of cotton was issued at noon on July 2. For the entire cotton belt the average is 74.6 per cent., the lowest record for this date for a period of fifteen years. Cotton jumped at once from 40 to 50 points—about two dollars a bale—and profits were taken on the bulge amidst excitement not paralleled in years. But the activity in this market did not prove contagious in stocks, whose dealers looked on with a rather envious surprise, but quite unmoved. It should not be forgotten that there is still a full month of growing weather for the staple, and that its position differs from that of wheat, in that the left-over stocks of the cereal are not large in comparison with the promised harvest.

The Lackawanna melon was cut on Tuesday last. It carried a 50 per cent. cash dividend for registered holders. The railway has now done formal obeisance to the commodity clause of the Hepburn law by organizing a coal company. The cash dividend was designed apparently to facilitate the railway's shareholders' absorption of the coal company's stock. The coal taken from the D., L. and W.'s properties is to be bought by the coal company at 65 per cent. of the tidewater price. The carrier will carry the freight as heretofore.

While the market mourns the dearth of the speculative customer and the paucity of genuine investment demand, the world of productive industry seems to be quickening its pace. Bank clear-

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ings are 38 per cent. more than last year at this time. Imports are on the increase, but this may be in part a rush to evade higher duties. Postal receipts are swelling. The number of idle freight cars is on the decrease. With it all, money is fairly easy. The Treasury's call on the banks for $25,000,000 of government deposits and the export of two millions in gold to Holland and a half million to Argentina produced no appreciable stiffening in loan rates. Compared with the attitude of business men in Great Britain, our industrial leaders seem fairly apathetic as regards the pending corporation tax in Congress. The small investor who is credited with acquiring a little block of stock here and there in the recent rich man's panic is particularly immobile. He is sitting on his holdings very hard, even if he is not able or willing to take any more just at present. . . .

The summary of actual receipts and expenditures in the fiscal year ending June 30 has been issued by the Treasury Department. Owing to the new system of Treasury statements, the deficit is variously estimated. The nominal expenditures, including the redemption of national banknotes, exceed the receipts by $115,000,000. The actual difference between cash received and disbursed is $89,000,000, as compared with a similar deficit of $59,000,000 for the previous fiscal year. But the total cash receipts for the last fiscal year were only a trifle over three millions in excess of those of the year previous, and were sixty millions less than those for 1906-7. The cash expended in the past twelvemonth was $694,000,000, or $37,000,000 more than in 1907-8, and $116,000,000 more than in 1906-7. In other words, while the annual revenue has fallen approximately by sixty millions since the last year of normal trade, annual outlay has increased by nearly one hundred and twenty millions. The expenditure in the War Department alone ran $40,000,000 ahead of last year's. But the idea of necessary retrenchment seems inexplicably to be wholly lacking. Forecasts there are as to whether the Treasury's working cash balance can safely tide it over the midsummer months when outlay is proverbially heavy; or whether Panama bonds or certificates of indebtedness authorized by the Spanish war act of 1898 will have to be issued; but a serious proposal to bring about budgetary equilibrium is conspicuous by its absence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Lute of Jade: Being Selections from the Classical Poets of China. Introduction by L. Cranmer-Byng. Dutton & Co. 60 cents net.

Baedeker's Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Scribner. $2.40 net.

Barnett, Dr. L. D. The Golden Town and Other Tales: From Soma-Deva's "Ocean of Romance-Rivers." Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Bierwirth, H. C. Beginning German: a Series of Lessons with an Abstract of Grammar. Revised edition. Henry Holt & Co. 90 cents.

Browne, Rev. P. W. Where the Fishers Go: The Story of Labrador. Cochrane Publishing Company.

Butler, Samuel. Erewhon, New and revised edition; Erewhon Revisited, Twenty Years Later; Essays on Life, Art, and Science, Edited by R. A. Streatfield; The Way of All Flesh. London: A. C. Fifield.

Clark, Imogen. A Charming Humbug. Dutton & Co. $1.20 net.

Conway, Moncure D. Addresses and Reprints, 1850-1907. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Coolidge, Asenath Carver. Cherry Feasts for Barbarous Fourths. Watertown, N. Y. 25 cents.

Crockett, Walter Hill. A History of Lake Champlain: The Record of Three Centuries, 1609-1909. Burlington, Vt.: Hobart J. Shanley & Co.

Davidson, John. Fleet Street and other poems. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

Dearmer, Percy. Body and Soul: An Enquiry into the Effect of Religion upon Health. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Duff, J. Wight. A Literary History of Rome. Scribner's. $4.

Enright, Thomas. The King of Nobody's Island. The Gibson Pub. Co. $1.

Essex Institute Historical Collections. Vol. XLV—July, 1909. Salem, Mass.

Grey, Zane. The Short-Stop. Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Grumbine, Harvey Carson. Love, Faith, and Endeavor. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors of Harvard University. Vol. XX. Cambridge, Mass.

Helm, Mary. From Darkness to Light. The Story of Negro Progress. Second edition. Revell Co. 50 cents net.

Hingston, W E. Forgeries and False Entries. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.

Hirst, Margaret E. Life of Friedrich List and Selections from his Writings. Scribner's. $2 net.

Huckel, Oliver. Mental Medicine. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1 net.

Humphrey, Richard L. The Fire-Resistive Properties of Various Building Materials. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Hutton, Edward. In Unknown Tuscany. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Illinois Historical Collections: Governors' Letter-Books, 1818-1834. Vol. IV. Springfield, Ill.: Ill. State Historical Library.

Islandica: An Annual Relating to Iceland. Vol. II. The Northmen in America. Cornell University Library, Ithaca, N. Y.

Lorraine, Rupert. The Woman and the Sword. Chicago: McClurg & Co. 75 cents.

Lowe, Charles. The Prince's Pranks. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Low, May Austin. Confession and Other Verses. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 80 cents net.

Meakin, John Phillips. Leaves of Truth: Utah and the Mormons. Salt Lake City: J. P. Meakin.

Miller, Val. Standard Recipes for Ice-Cream Makers. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.

Mitchell, Edward Bedinger. The Shadow of the Crescent. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Nead, Benjamin Matthias. Some Hidden Sources of Fiction: A Paper Read Before the Historical Society of Dauphin County, Pa. Phila.: Jacobs & Co.

Racine, Jean. Andromaque, Athalie, Britannicus. Three volumes. Edited by F. M. Warren. Holt & Co. 35 cents each.

Reiset, Vicomte de. Belles du Vieux Temps. Paris: Émile-Paul.

Sewall, Charles Henry. Lessons in Telegraphy. D. Van Nostrand Company. $1 net.

Stewart, Mary. "Tell Me a True Story": Tales of Bible Heroes for the Children of To-day. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

The English Vegetable Garden. Written by Experts. Scribner. $3 net.

The Journal of the American Irish Historical Society. By Thomas Zanslaur Lee. Vol. VIII. Published by the Society, Providence, R. I.

The Legacy of a Man Who Wanted to Do His Duty. By Theocratus. Part I. Corona Publishing Company. 50 cents.

The Progressive Road to Reading. By Georgine Burchill, W. L. Ettinger, and E. D. Shimer. Books One and Two. Silver, Burdett & Co.

The Splendour of God: Being Extracts from the Sacred Writings of the Bahais. Introduction by Eric Hammond. Dutton & Co. 60 cents net.

Underwood, Wilbur. Damien of Molokai: Poems. London: Elkin Mathews.

Victor Hugo's Ruy Blas. Introduction by Kenneth McKenzie. Holt & Co. 65 cents.

Wagner, Rev. Charles. The Home of the Soul. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.20 net.

Willman, Reinhold. The Errors of Mind Healing. St. Joseph, Mo.: Advocate Pub. Co.

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